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FOR JANUARY 1915

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

JESUS OF NAZARETH

BLESSED are the poore in spirit: for theirs is the kingdome of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourne: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meeke: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which doe hunger and thirst after righteousnesse: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the mercifull: for they shall obtaine mercie.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall bee called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousnesse sake: for theirs is the kingdome of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evill against you falsly for my sake. Reioyce, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Yee are the salt of the earth: But if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be troden under foote of men. Yee are the light of the world. A citie that is set on an hill, cannot be hid. Neither doe men light a candle, and put it under a bushell: but on a candlesticke, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good workes, and glorifie your father which is in heaven.

Thinke not that I am come to destroy the lawe or the Prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth passe, one iote or one

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title, shall in no wise passe from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therfore shall breake one of these least commaundements, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdome of heaven: but whosoever shall doe, and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdome of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousnesse shall exceede the righteousnesse of the Scribes and Pharisees, yee shall in no case enter into the kingdome of heaven.

Yee have heard, that it was saide by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: and, Whosoever shall kill, shalbe in danger of the iudgement. But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the Iudgement: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Racha, shalbe in danger of the counsell: but whosoever shall say, Thou foole, shalbe in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee: leave there thy gift before the altar, and goe thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversarie quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him: least at any time the adversarie deliver thee to the iudge, and the iudge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no meanes come out thence, till thou hast payd the uttermost farthing.

Yee have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adulterie. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adulterie with her already in his heart. And if thy right eie offend thee, plucke it out, and cast it from thee. For it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee. For it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. It hath beene said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement. But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marie her that is divorced, committeth adulterie.

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Againe, yee have heard that it hath beene said by them of old time, That thou shalt not forsweare thy selfe, but shalt performe unto the Lord thine othes. But I say unto you, Sweare not at all, neither by heaven, for it is Gods throne: nor by the earth, for it is his footstoole: neither by Hierusalem, for it is the citie of the great king. Neither shalt thou sweare by thy head, because thou canst not make one haire white or blacke. But let your communication bee Yea, yea: Nay, nay: For whatsoever is more then these, commeth of evill.

Yee have heard that it hath beene said, An eie for an eie, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that yee resist not evill: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheeke, turne to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coate, let him have thy cloake also. And whosoever shall compell thee to goe a mile, goe with him twaine. Give to him that asketh thee: and from him that would borrow of thee, turne not thou away.

Yee have heard, that it hath beene said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemie: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, blesse them that curse you, doe good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you: that yee may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sunne to rise on the evill and on the good, and sendeth raine on the iust, and on the uniust. For if yee love them which love you, what reward have yee? Doe not even the Publicanes the same? And if yee salute your brethren only, what do you more then others? Doe not even the Publicanes so? Be yee therefore perfect, even as your father, which is in heaven, is perfect.

Take heed that yee doe not your almes before men, to bee seene of them: otherwise yee have no reward of your father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine almes, doe not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites doe, in the Synagogues, and in the streetes, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest almes, let not thy left hand know, what thy right doeth: that thine almes may be in secret: And thy father which seeth in secret, himselfe shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites

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are: for they love to pray standing in the Synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seene of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy doore, pray to thy father which is in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly. But when yee pray, use not vaine repetitions, as the heathen doe. For they thinke that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not yee therefore like unto them: For your father knoweth what things yee have neede of, before yee aske him. After this maner therefore pray yee: Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debters. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evill: For thine is the kingdome, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen. For, if yee forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will also forgive you. But, if yee forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover, when yee fast, be not as the Hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appeare unto men to fast: Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face: that thou appeare not unto men to fast, but unto thy father which is in secret: and thy father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for your selves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where theeves breake thorow, and steale. But lay up for your selves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where theeves doe not breake thorow, nor steale. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shalbe full of light. But if thine eye be evill, thy whole body shall be full of darkenesse. If therfore the light that is in thee be darkenesse, how great is that darkenesse?

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else hee will holde to the one, and

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despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Therfore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what yee shall eate, or what ye shall drinke, nor yet for your body, what yee shall put on: Is not the life more then meate? and the body then raiment? Behold the foules of the aire: for they sow not, neither doe they reape, nor gather into barnes, yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are yee not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought, can adde one cubite unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow: they toile not, neither doe they spinne. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grasse of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven: shall he not much more clothe you, O yee of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eate? or, what shall we drinke? or wherewithall shall wee be clothed? (for after all these things doe the Gentiles seeke:) for your heavenly father knoweth that ye have neede of all these things. But seeke ye first the kingdome of God, and his righteousnesse, and all these things shalbe added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of it selfe: sufficient unto the day is the evill thereof.

Iudge not, that ye be not iudged. For with what iudgment ye iudge, yee shall be iudged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you againe. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brothers eye, but considerest not the beame that is in thine owne eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let mee pull out the mote out of thine eye, and beholde, a beame is in thine owne eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beame out of thine owne eye: and then shalt thou see clearely to cast out the mote out of thy brothers eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearles before swine: lest they trample them under their feete, and turne againe and rend you.

Aske, and it shalbe given you: seeke, and ye shall finde: knocke, and it shalbe opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth: and he that seeketh, findeth: and to him that

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knocketh, it shalbe opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his sonne aske bread, will hee give him a stone? Or if he aske a fish, will hee give him a serpent? If ye then being evill, know how to give good giftes unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things to them that aske him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should doe to you, doe ye even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which goe in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that finde it.

Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheepes clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Yee shall knowe them by their fruits: Doe men gather grapes of thornes, or figges of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit: but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evill fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewen downe, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven: but he that doth the will of my father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophecied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderfull workes? And then wil I professe unto them, I never knew you: Depart from me, ye that worke iniquity.

Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I wil liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rocke: and the raine descended, and the floods came, and the windes blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rocke. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall bee likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the raine descended, and the floods came, and the windes blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

SCENE I

A vast indefinite vault of blue, faintly studded with stars. On a lustrous cloud, firm about the edge, as in ancient pictures, sit the Three Persons of the Christian Trinity. God is represented as a severe, yet benignant man, on a throne of sapphire, elderly, with a snowy beard; Christ is a dreamy young Jew with a crown of thorns; the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove.

A vague, sweeping melody, as of harps, is always in the air; from time to time a white, swift shape, winged, shoots across the blue vault. From below, as from a distant pit, comes a confusion of sound, like the buzzing of bees. Sometimes a groan, sometimes a laugh, sometimes a high note, as of a trumpet, penetrates to the throne. Most often the wail of an infant or a clear bell, as it is rung before the sacrament for the dying, mounts above the rest. At intervals the heavy boom of a cannon shakes through everything, followed by the screaming shriek of shells.

The chant of priests is heard: As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be!

A SHARP VOICE: Forward, March!

THE PRIESTS: World without end, amen!

THE SHARP VOICE: Fire!

A crashing volley of heavy artillery obliterates all other sound for a moment, and a volume of smoke rolls up to the throne. The screams of horses and a thick odor of blood mount sluggishly together.

CHILDREN'S VOICES: Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light!

CHRIST: [*advancing to the edge of the cloud and spreading out his hands with a gesture of infinite sweetness*] It seems that I cannot hear them so well, to-night.

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There is a sudden odor of lilies, and a flock of tiny cherubim flutter like new birds across the blue vault. Behind them appears the Virgin, standing upon a cloud, the crescent moon under her feet. A sword is thrust through her heart, which drops blood over her blue robe. These drops turn to rubies as they fall to the earth. Tears continually roll from her eyes, and fall into the sea as pearls. She approaches the throne.

GOD: Who is that?

CHRIST: That is Mary, my Mother.

GOD: I suppose she is bringing the prayers?

CHRIST: Without doubt.

Mary approaches and falls upon her knees before the throne. Immediately the sounds from below become louder and more distinct: words are plainly heard.

A ROUGH, DRUNKEN VOICE: God damn your soul to hell!

A WOMAN'S VOICE: Take me—Oh, take me, God, and save the child!

A YOUNG MAN'S VOICE: I swear to God I never promised that to any other woman!

A CHILD'S VOICE: I never stole it—ask God, and he will tell you I never took the sugar! Please don't beat me, mother!

A YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE: O God, I beg and pray thee to let me die! May I not die, God?

A BOY'S VOICE: Dear God, when I wake up, please let me find the knife with two blades by the bed! If I find it in the morning, I know I shall always be good!

A GENERAL'S VOICE: God bless you, my brave men, and bring to our impious foes the annihilation they so richly deserve. Animated by the pure and holy courage of those who righteously defend the Fatherland, I pray Almighty God that if we must die, it may be only over the dead bodies of our enemies. God be with us!

A PRIEST'S VOICE: From battle, murder and sudden death—

A CONGREGATION'S VOICE: Good God, deliver us!

GOD: Does the Queen of Heaven ask that all these prayers be answered?

MARY: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me ac-

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cording to thy word. If those that seemed best might be answered . . .

GOD: No one seems to me better or worse than another. The boy must have his knife, certainly . . .

A terrific explosion is heard, shaking the earth. Mary shudders and the sword in her heart quivers.

CHRIST: What was that, O my father?

GOD: Do you mean that sparrow which has just fallen to the ground, or that city which has been blown up and has dropped into the sea?

A MILITARY BAND: God save the King!

A MOTHER'S VOICE: I am the proudest woman in France to-day —I have given five sons to my country!

A LAD'S VOICE: Slit the women's throats, comrades, burn the ricks, tie up the gold and come on!

CHILDREN'S VOICES: Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night!

CHRIST: [*leaning over the cloud*] I can hardly hear them, now . . .

There comes a sound as of metal striking on metal, and St. Peter appears before the throne, robed and with heavy keys. He crosses himself haughtily.

PETER: In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost! [*Kneeling stiffly to the Virgin*] Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee!—Am I to let them all in at once?

GOD: All! Are there more than usual, then?

PETER: More than usual? There have not been so many at one time since that ship went down, a little while back. There is no one who feels for them at sea as I do: poor souls, the waves are ill to walk on! I have never been easier with any . . . but this is very different. And mind you, they say they have all been blessed beforehand and should be excused any further waiting. One would think this was Valhalla, or whatever the heathen place was called. I locked the gate for a bit, to go inside, and when I get in, what do I find? A worse to-do than without, I give you my word! There's no holding them. Michael with his sword, forsooth! And of course it's

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no concern of mine, but you may remember what I said awhile back about making holy saints over night out of ignorant peasant girls! Well . . . I can tell you now that if she could get out she'd be down there in a minute! She says she hears her voices again and that France needs her!

CHRIST: Simon, Simon!

PETER: Of course, I am only Peter—I am only the Rock on which God's church is built—who forsook the nets more quickly than I?

CHRIST: Even as she forsook the sheep.

PETER: [*sullenly*] I deny that a woman can be called of God!

MARY: But I was called of God.

PETER: I deny that a woman is expected to bear a sword!

MARY: But I have borne a sword—[*She touches her heart*] here—ever since I bore my son.

PETER: [*loudly*] I deny . . .

A cock crows, and he goes out, weeping bitterly.

A REGIMENT'S VOICE: Bless our colors, Holy Father!

A DYING POPE'S VOICE: I bless peace.

A CATHEDRAL CHOIR'S VOICE: [*faintly*] Eternal rest give him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on him. May he rest in peace, Amen.

Mary weeps.

CHRIST: [*sternly*] Woman, why weepest thou?

MARY: [*meekly*] Sir?

CHRIST: [*taking her hand as a Son*] O mystical rose, tower of ivory, mother undefiled, who hath given a new grief to the Queen of Heaven?

MARY: [*sadly*] I weep because the shepherd of the world dies, and he, whose foot the kings of the earth have kissed, may not have his dying prayer granted!

GOD: [*wearily*] But I could not hear his dying prayer! I would have been willing to grant it, undoubtedly, but just at that moment the cannon began. They should pray more loudly, or shoot more softly, down there.

MARY: [*sobbing*] If you could only see the faces of the poor when they think of him—ah, he never forgot my poor, my blessed poor!

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GOD: If they fill the air with smoke, they cannot expect me to see. With the incense it was hard enough, sometimes, but I always supposed they had their reasons for that.

CHRIST: [*in a low voice*] That was to cover the smell of the blood—in the old days.

A NUN'S VOICE: O saving victim,
Slain for man—

A CAPTAIN'S VOICE: Pah! There's no standing up in it, it's all so slippery! Wipe out this trench, sergeant, and reach me that bayonet—wrench it out of his hand, then—he's dead enough for that! Has he a drink on him?—For his mother, he says? God! if I'm to remember all the messages to mothers I've had told me to-day, I'd have no room in my head for orders!

A YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE: [*through violins*] It seems hardly right to be dancing here, when they're dying so fast across the ocean . . .

A TRAINED NURSE'S VOICE: Ether! Where's more ether? This is horrible!—I can't keep him under, doctor. . . . What is the matter with the Red Cross? What are they for?

THE VOICE OF A COMMON SOLDIER: Hey, comrade, can you give me a drop of that water?

THE VOICE OF ANOTHER COMMON SOLDIER: I am sorry, comrade, but my back is broken; it seems I can't move my arms. Help yourself.

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: I'm bleeding too fast; I was shot through the stomach. Well, it's all as God wills. Wasn't I fighting against you, the last time, hey?

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: I believe so. It was only a few years ago . . . and now we're comrades-at-arms, aren't we? It seems queer . . .

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: What's the odds, now? It's all over with us. What was the trouble, anyhow?

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: We never knew, in my country. One moment I was holding my wife, just as her first pains came, and then they hurried us into the ships. I don't mind dying for my Emperor, but it was a hard time to leave her.

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The other children are so small and the winter's coming on . . . we're poor folks. They had nobody but me.

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: That's bad. My old woman's past all that trouble, Christ be praised, but it makes me sick to think of the wheat—we left it full stand, and the chargers tore through the best of it. God pity the poor this winter—that's all I say!

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: If the Gods ever pitied the poor, there would be no poor.

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: The Gods? So you're a heathen, are you? Oh yes, I remember when we fought you, ten years back, they told us you worshipped your ancestors, or some such wickedness. I wonder at you—and as near death as you are, too!

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: You are as near. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: True, but I'm a Christian, you see. It's that makes all the difference. I took the Communion before we started.

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: [*feebly*] Do you think, if I had been converted by that man in the black trousers, that urged me so, things would be easier now for the children . . . with the winter coming on . . .?

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: Surely. Without doubt. All heathen should be converted; it is their first duty.

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: Then I wish I had done it.

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: That's the way to feel! If only I could move my arms, I'd baptize you, myself, comrade, but I can't feel my fingers, now.

THE VOICE OF A BOY-CHOIR: To be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to guide their feet into the way of peace!

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: What's that? Jesus Christ, it's the angels, singing! Then I'm really dying . . . it doesn't seem possible, with the wheat left that way!

THE VOICE OF THE SECOND: Oh, this pain! Oh! I'm torn to pieces inside! Water! water! They'll starve without me—patience, patience, it will soon be born, wife!—O-o-o-h!

THE VOICE OF THE FIRST: He's gone, poor fellow. Well, there's no doubt as to *my* boys—the three of them went when

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the first shell burst this morning. God bless the Czar! God save Holy Russia! [*He dies*]

CHILDREN'S VOICES: [*faintly*] Jesus, tender shepherd, hear——

CHRIST: [*striding to the extreme edge of the cloud*] Father! my father! I can barely hear them! What does it mean?

MARY: [*quietly*] They have no food, and their voices are weak. Then, too, the noise is growing deafening.

A bomb explodes, violently, high in the air. The airship that carried it is shattered and scatters to the winds. Broken fragments of human bodies fall into the sea. A vessel filled with corn and a huge man-of-war break amidships, and sink slowly under the waves.

A CLERGYMAN'S VOICE: But I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.

COLLEGE STUDENTS' VOICES: Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus—

CHRIST: [*turning away weeping*] My God, My God, why hast *thou* forsaken me?

The smoke from the bomb grows so thick as to obscure the vault gradually; the faces of the Trinity can be seen but dimly. They appear to flicker and grow pale. All is darkness.

SCENE II

As the extreme darkness dissipates, a grey twilight takes its place, and when this has settled itself, it is seen that there are no longer any stars nor any light from the sapphire throne, which is so indistinct in its outline as to resemble a pillar of cloud. In the midst of this Jehovah is dimly seen. He is alone. There is a great silence. Then slowly, out of the shadowy depths, vague forms begin to be visible, shifting and changing like clouds in the windy sky. One of these emerges from the rest and moves toward Jehovah, more distinct than the others. It seems to be a man of great dignity with a long mantle and a patch over one eye. Another with a wound turban and a curved scimitar follows him. A majestic Woman of unearthly height, bearing a

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shield and draped in a classic tunic, stands like a statue. Far back behind the pillar a great Bull moves, rustling faintly, and behind this again, the wavering outline of a human body with the face of a Ram. A winged Serpent, so dim as to be hardly seen, with a Fish's head, coils and uncoils like a mist wreath. The sound of the flowing of the River Nile is now heard, and beneath it one can distinguish, at intervals, the roar of the ocean, through miles of space.

JEHOVAH: I am that I am. Who are here besides Myself?

WOTAN: There are many of Us here—brother! Or rather, thou art here with the rest of Us.

JEHOVAH: [*severely*] I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt have no other gods before me.

WOTAN: Naturally. We have all felt that in our time. But since you are here . . .

JEHOVAH: Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image—

PALLAS ATHENE: [*in a voice like a distant bell*] To this image, O Jove of the Hebrews, thousands of thousands have kneeled —and I am here.

JEHOVAH:—Or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above—

A VOICE: [*from a barely distinguishable cloud, like a draped figure of darkness, with the crescent moon upon Its head*] And yet to me, the violet, brooding Night of Egypt, more tears have been wept than the Nile holds drops!

WOTAN: Who art Thou, Darkness?

THE VOICE: I am Maut, the mother. Truly I was old before thou wast born, Jahveh—and I am here.

JEHOVAH: —Or that is in the earth beneath—

THE BULL: [*in a mellow rumble*] O brother, look upon Indra the mighty! They who sacrificed to me in thousands were dust ere yet thou madest thy first man from dust—and I am here.

JEHOVAH: —Or that is in the water under the earth—

THE COILING SERPENT: [*rustling and hissing from his Fish's head*] Surely, youngest of Us, maidens were led down to Dagon in sacrifice, and were forgotten of Dagon, ere Eve was made a mother! And I am here.

The air becomes thick with crowding, shadowy shapes, hideous,

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battered idols, rude and savage symbols, phallic figures, hundred-breasted, bird-headed monsters, outlines of pagodas; Doric pillars, great stone cromlechs and Druid altars. Clouds of old and withered incense rise faintly through the dimness, and the wails and coughs of slaughtered beasts are heard at irregular intervals through all that follows, mingled with the mutter of priests in all tongues, the chant of choirs, the tears and groans of women.

JEHOVAH: [*firmly*]—For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God—

MOHAMMED: [*boldly*]—Without doubt You were all jealous, always. Even I was jealous for Allah, who will live longer than most of You, because there are no images of Him to defile and no pictures of Him to misunderstand. If they cannot see You, they will respect You longer.

A VOICE FROM THE GODS: But if they cannot see Us they will not love Us!

JEHOVAH: No man hath seen God at any time—

MOHAMMED: [*scornfully*] What! When Moses and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel went up into the mount!

JEHOVAH: [*confusedly*] Behold, it is a stiff-necked people . . .

MOHAMMED: [*impatiently*] You are always thinking of Your Israelites—You are Three now (may Allah forgive such foolishness!) not One. Do you not recall that You changed, a while ago? Since the Nazarene, things have been very different—I cracked many a skull in my day, to prove him wrong, that Nazarene! I could never understand how they could stomach all that meekness . . . The fellow would not even fight for his life.

WOTAN: [*growling*] It was no belief for a man. No wonder they left it to the women, at the last. It is only war that keeps the world sweet—they decay like ants when they cease to fight. Aye, they breed and bloat and stink like maggots, and eat each other. Faugh!

THE SINGING VOICE OF A MISSIONARY: The support of the audience is earnestly requested for our final tremendous effort: The World for Christ! Never before has the growth of

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Christianity been so enormous, so vital. Never before, since that Birth at Bethlehem, have such masses of human souls, spread over such stupendous areas of the earth's surface, confessed their Lord and Master Christ as Almighty God.

There is a silence. The Gods look at one another, surprised. A spear clangs on a shield, and the majestic statue-woman moves.

PALLAS ATHENE: [*coldly*] If these things are so, why are You here, Jahveh?

ALL THE GODS: Yes! Why is He here?

A VAST FIGURE: [*draped in a lion skin, with an enormous club*] Perhaps Jahveh means Us to understand that He is only a tribal God, like Myself, and that the One they now call God—

JEHOVAH: [*angrily*] Not at all. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end—

A CONGREGATION'S VOICE: Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost . . .

HERCULES: What! Then it is as I said—You are *not* that Son?

THE CONGREGATION'S VOICE: And yet they are not three eternals, but one eternal . . .

HERCULES: Then You *are* the God of Battles?

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN: God is love.

THE VOICE OF A WOMAN: [*she is long-haired, upon a flying horse, shooting like a star across the gloom*] All-Father! Wotan! Wake, arise! They are crowding in so fast we cannot carry them! The old days are here again! The world makes war! See—they are trooping up from below and from below that, again! There are the old ones, with spears, and armor on the horses—look, the Kings! See the Red Cross they wear—

VOICES OF CRUSADERS: On to Jerusalem! Save the Holy Sepulchre!

JEHOVAH: [*frowning*] Jerusalem? Jerusalem? Forty years long have I suffered this generation—

MOHAMMED: [*angrily*] Always your Israelites! It is *Thy*

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sepulchre, *Thine!* Oh, the dogs! At them, at them, all true believers! There is but one God and Mohammed is His prophet! At them!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST: O Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets! How often would I have gathered thy children together—

THE VALKYR: There is a woman, too, with a red cross—she tends them when they are wounded . . . is she also fighting, All-Father?

WOTAN: [*puzzled*] I cannot understand them nowadays. The same sign serves for killing and curing.

THE VALKYR: [*peering through the dusk*] There is the little man that fought thereabouts, before—he that died on the island. He cheers them on . . . there is the tall one that wore the wreath and was stabbed—he is hurrying his legions. There is the Maid that rode the white horse—she is weeping because the angels will not bring her armor. She says God wished her to wear the armor, before . . . why does He dislike it now, All-Father?

WOTAN: [*with vexation*] No one knows. He is very confusing. I believe myself that He cannot make up His mind . . .

MOHAMMED: [*smoothly*] He and His Son, perhaps, are not quite agreed.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST: Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? The words that I speak, I speak not of myself . . .

THE VALKYR: Ah! Fourscore slain at once! Truly, All-Father, we were but children, in those days! See, one little round ball of iron will travel five leagues and then go through four men! And the larger balls have fire in them—they burst and shatter a company of fighters! Their galleys fly through the air even as we, and drop death upon whole towns!

AN ARCHBISHOP'S VOICE: George, defender of the Faith—

A NEWSBOY'S VOICE: The Emperor's son is dead!

A PRIEST'S VOICE: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!

THE VALKYR: Thousands—a score of thousands, All-Father, in one battle! Will there be any left upon the earth?

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ALL THE GODS: [*anxiously crowding together*] Will there be any left?

WOTAN: I—I cannot tell.

MOHAMMED: We must ask Brahma.

JEHOVAH: [*looking out from the pillar of cloud*] Where is He?

MOHAMMED: He is nowhere and everywhere . . . He is the oldest—and the greatest. None has seen him, which makes him greater than You, Jahveh; nor has he need of a prophet, which makes Him, I must suppose, greater than Allah. O Brahm, are men to vanish from this Thy earth?

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: There must always be men, in order that We may be.

WOTAN: But they change, Brahm, they change. We are afraid . . .

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: [*wearily*] They never change. It is We who change—they are ever the same.

WOTAN: But they die—

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: In order that We may be sure of living.

JEHOVAH: And We live—

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: In order that they may be sure of dying.

MOHAMMED: [*muttering*] Then we are living to some purpose, for they are dying very rapidly, it appears. And Brahm is right, when He says that they never change. But We understood that You, Jahveh, had agreed to change them—and You are here, like the rest of Us. Who, then, are We to understand, now rules the world?

A writing appears upon the grey mist:

AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP, WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME!

MOHAMMED: The Nazarene? Certainly, he was lifted up . . . But We know what he said—We all know what he said . . .

THE VOICE OF CHRIST: [*from a mountain*] Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

WOTAN: [*solemnly*] Enough of this folly, Jahveh; are they Yours, below there, or your Son's?

JEHOVAH: [*almost inaudibly*] They are My Son's.

He enters the pillar of cloud and fades back among the other Gods, who begin to grow dim and shapeless.

MOHAMMED: [*who is a little less shadowy than the others*] Then

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let the Nazarene appear! Let him join Us, or explain to Us why he does not join Us.

ALL THE GODS: [*querulously*] Let him appear!

MOHAMMED: Call Him, Brahm. Call the Nazarene!

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: Carpenter, and Son of a Carpenter, appear!

There enters a Man crowned with thorns, bent heavily beneath a great cross.

THE VOICE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST: Behold the Lamb of God!

THE VOICE OF PONTIUS PILATE: Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me; what hast Thou done?

THE MAN: My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight . . . but now is my kingdom not from hence.

ALL THE GODS: Then, where is Thy kingdom?

THE MAN: [*with infinite sorrow*] Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head!

THE VOICE OF A CROWD: What need we any further witness? For we ourselves have heard of His own mouth!

MOHAMMED: [*impatiently*] Then, you give them up, down there? You acknowledge that you are not their God?

THE VOICE OF THE CROWD: Crucify him! Crucify him!

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: [*dreamily*] This same . . . always the same . . . they never change . . .

WOTAN: [*eagerly*] Indeed that is so, Carpenter. They never change! Give them to Us! Give them back! Myself, I should be ashamed to be the God of a people that would not fight!

MOHAMMED: When I ceased to lead them in battle, Allah ceased to conquer the world. Give them to Me!

PALLAS ATHENE: I was never pictured without my helmet—when my children forgot the art of war, all their arts ceased with it. Give them to Me, O peasant whose body is not even beautiful!

SHIVA: [*sadly*] Mine were never strong enough for battle, and so, praying aloud to Thee, with bloody swords, those soldiers of thine conquered and ruled My millions.

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THE MAN: [*gently*] Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

WOTAN: [*with greater impatience than before*] But they do not think so! They pretended to believe it, for a time, but when it comes to the point, look at them! Those were only words—in their hearts they have never changed, Carpenter! They move about more quickly, they are very clever, and they have more to eat, and they know how to talk to one another from great distances; but at heart they are the same as when they burned themselves on My funeral pyres!

MOLOCH: Or Mine!

THE VOICE OF BRAHM: The same . . . always the same . . .

ALL THE GODS: Give them to Us! Give them back!

The man of sorrows sinks down under the Cross. The roar of the ocean becomes again the thunder of heavy cannon; the incense becomes acrid smoke; the cries of the sacrificial victims change to the groans and screams of the dying. Sharp flashes of lurid light leap across the clouds from the flying, falling bombs. In these flashes the faces of the Gods become brighter, their expression more violent and vivid. The rattle of drums and the shriek of fifes, the neighing of horses, the clash of swords, increase furiously.

THE VOICES OF AN ARMY: [*singing*] A mighty fortress is our God!

WOTAN: [*brandishing his spear*] Come! Come! To me, my brave heroes!

THE VALKYR: [*leaping on her horse, and shouting*] Ho-yo-to-ho!

MOHAMMED: [*wildly*] Death! Death and Paradise!

THE VOICES OF THE CHILDREN: [*dying faintly*] Jesus, tender—

All is lost in the rolling smoke.

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THE WAY

ALFRED OLLIVANT

Though thou seest the poor and needy wretch, who wanteth thy help, and is thy brother, yet thou helpest him not, but layest heavy burdens upon him, by requiring more of him than his abilities will bear, or his necessities afford; and oppressest him, by forcing him to spend his labor and sweat for thee and the gratification of thy voluptuous will.—JACOB BOEHM.

IT is nearly 1900 years since society condemned and executed a Man for holding up a particular ideal before the world. Since his death the forces that crucified him have admitted in the main the truth of that ideal; and indeed for many centuries the chief of the forces that did him to death has devoted itself to the preaching of the ideal for which he stood, if not to the practice of that ideal.

Now what was that ideal?

It was, surely, the ideal of Man's potential perfection, to be realized here and now, arising out of his inalienable oneness with that infinite and almighty life that men speak of as God.

And it was for this doctrine of the At-One-ment, which Jesus preached and practised, and which he would not when on trial for his life mitigate by one jot or tittle, though to have done so might have brought about his acquittal, that the reactionary forces of his day sent him to torture and to death. And we can hardly wonder at their action. For a doctrine more radically subversive of tradition and authority it would be hard to conceive. The priest, who had Abraham to his father, rightly read in it his doom and turned with the passionate instinct of self-preservation on the author; and the official was in much the same case. It undermined the authority of both alike. Rather it asserted that there was an Authority greater than that of either Church or State; and this Authority must in the last resort be obeyed by the individual, even though to do so should bring him into fatal collision with the powers that be. And this Authority was within each man, and was indeed no other than the Author of the World.

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Jesus spoke of God as his Father, summing up his doctrine of the At-One-ment in the phrase—

I and my Father are One.

And not only did he affirm that he and his Father were one, but he added that he was one with all men, who were therefore one with God. And this doctrine of the One-ness of Life has in our day received confirmation, by way of experiment and proof, in the discoveries of modern science.

Now Jesus did not shrink from the logical consequences of his teaching. If God who made the world was not in fact remote but in the heart of Man, so that Man was nothing more than the medium through which God worked, then it followed inevitably that Man's power over Nature was limitless. He would heal the sick, raise the dead, walk the waters. And in fact it is recorded that Jesus manifested in himself these natural powers; while adding that all men could manifest them, and work the same or even greater "miracles," upon the solitary condition of Faith. Man, in a word, came under a new category. He was now essentially distinguished from all who went before him—earlier man, animal, vegetable. He was a Spirit: no longer merely dependent on Matter for his subsistence, physical and spiritual. Man lived no more by bread alone, as the preacher of the new dispensation pointed out, quoting from an older authority. He was entering on a Higher Life as the result of the realization of his One-ness with God; a spiritual life; a life in which the material things that had appealed so much to his material primitive manhood would play an always diminishing part.

And that was where, under the new dispensation, the mischief of Property arose. Property was an Accumulation of Matter—land, houses, horses, sheep—which the natural and naked man, seeing himself as Matter, piled upon his back if permitted to do so, in the interests of his material self. And with this Accumulation of Matter, Man, in reality a Spirit, tended to identify himself, to the detriment of the Higher Life on which he was now entering. Property then was a prison. It meant walls, and confinement within walls, which somehow fascinated the eyes of the imprisoned soul, and diverted them from the view beyond—the view of his true self which was at one with Infinity. And that

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was why our Lord, the most passionate advocate of Liberty the world has ever seen, looked on Property as the betrayer of the race. It was not only the Symbol of Man as Matter as opposed to Man as Spirit, but it was a cloud that stood between the individual and the sun of his soul. Property was not evil for its own sake, although it was the most flagrant manifestation of the Cause of Evil—the Power of Matter. It was evil just because it tended to encumber and imprison men and so debarred them from entering on the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

So it came about that a fundamental note of the teaching of Jesus was a return to the habit of life of the non-accumulating flower and bird. Jesus preached the Way of Simplicity. He did not believe in Poverty for its own sake: he believed in it as the negation of Property, which meant Imprisonment in Matter. And his aim was always Liberty—the Liberty of the Spirit. Constant and intimate communion with Nature was for Him an essential of true life. Property with its distractions, its temptations, its responsibilities, its material intricacies and involutions, made this communion difficult of consummation. Man was one with God: therefore of a certainty he was one with the Nature God had created. And if he was one with Nature, then everything that stood between him and the Nature of which he was a part was a hindrance to his development.

Before starting out on his world-mission Jesus went into retreat in the wilderness, and there sojourned with the wild beasts, so at one with them in the perfect liberty of love, that the lions and the vultures and the serpents were his friends. Like our own poet Wordsworth, he wandered much among the hills of his native place. During his missionary life he was always escaping from the cities and the pursuing crowds that he might pray alone on the mountain or beside the sea. And prayer, we may gather, meant for him communion with God through Nature in a silence that knew no words. Even before his betrayal he did not retreat into a house, and bolt and bar the door; he did not seek sanctuary in a church; he retired into a wild garden on the mountain side and there amid the soughing of the olives, and the calling of the night-birds, he awaited the end.

Jesus was the prophet of the simple, which is to say, the

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Property-less life as the only way to the full enjoyment of the Spirit. He practised it himself, walking, we may imagine, the rugged tracks of Galilee without sandals that his feet might draw the goodness from the abundant mother-earth; sleeping under the stars; drawing in with every breath the life that he was to dispense again in healing power through hand and eye and tongue. He sent his disciples forth to preach the Word without so much as a change of clothes. To his ideal the Church remained faithful in its shining dawn. And wherever the old spirit has revived, and Christ has come again to earth, we see it shooting forth in new splendor and power. In the one considerable revival the world has yet seen, the Rule of the Brotherhood established by St. Francis, was the Rule of the Master as delivered to the Twelve.

If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me, was the advice that on one occasion he gave to a young capitalist who came to ask him his secret.

The young man, a good fellow, if somewhat of a prig, kind, moral, a dutiful son, a good landlord, a type such as we know well to-day, turned his back, we are told, with some misgivings, upon the advice, and the Man who might have led him to the Eternal Life he sought.

II

He may have been the first who went away sorrowful, when he was pointed out the Way.

He was not the last.

We too go to the same Lord with the same question that the young capitalist took to him.

Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

And the answer is still the same.

If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me.

And when we hear that saying, we too turn away sorrowful; for we too have great possessions.

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But how are we who call Jesus our Master, who hear his voice, and know his orders, and yet refuse to follow him, to justify our conduct to ourselves and to the world?

It is a question that our enemies have long been asking; and they may well ask.

There is the command—instant, direct, undeniable: there is the Commander: and here are we, the disciples, accepting his leadership, and refusing to be led.

Are we insincere? Is that leadership for us a sham? Is our discipleship a reality at all?

The answer is to be found in that most deep-rooted tendency of the human intellect to supply the conscience with subtle and admirable excuses for *not* doing its plain and arduous duty.

And the excuse in this case has been inordinately clever. For of the Son of Man who brought God to Man, and tried to make of Him an intimate living reality for us, we have fashioned a God in turn, enshrining him among the false gods who before his day lived unapproachable lives in the remote heavens.

We have set him on a pedestal apart, and have bowed the knee before him as our fathers of old did before Baal.

We have called him wonderful; we have made a cult of him, substituting a forced passion for living discipleship; and we have not attempted to follow in the footsteps of him who pointed out to us the Way of Life, followed it himself, and bid us follow it too.

It is so easy to bow the knee before a shrine, weeping copious tears the while. It is so hard to rise and follow one who is guiding us through the Strait Gate down the Narrow Way which leadeth unto Life; and who because he was Man we as men can follow—if we will.

The argument is simple and apparently cogent enough:

He was a God.

We are but Men.

Can we compare ourselves with him?

It would be blasphemous to do so.

Therefore let us worship him whom we cannot follow.

And of our pseudo-humility we make excuses for our cowardice.

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Thus by keeping our Master on a pedestal apart, we keep his teaching, so uncomfortably exacting in its demands, apart too from our practical daily lives.

He said:

Resist not evil.

We say:

Autres temps, autres mœurs, and pile up the Dreadnoughts unabashed.

He said:

Nothing shall be impossible unto you.

We say:

The Age of Miracles is past.

He said:

Go and sell that thou hast, and come and follow me.

We say:

Wealth has its responsibilities, and spend ourselves in accumulating it, and guarding it when gained.

Is that right?—is it worthy?—is it loyal? Did this Man, whom we call Master, mean what he said? Did he preach the Eternal Truth? If so, does not that Truth apply as much in our day as in his? Did he show the Way of Life? Are we following it? Will not that Way of Life, if followed, lead to Joy and Peace? Are we joyful?—Is the world at Peace? Let us look abroad. What do we see?

War—everywhere. Individual against individual; class against class; sect against sect; country against country; capital against labor; and Competition ruling supreme.

It is a condition that all men deplore, and seek the remedy for. Yet is that remedy in fact so far to seek? Have we in the past 1900 years been taking the Way pointed out to us by him men call the Prince of Peace? Are we taking that Way to-day? And is it not increasingly clear to many of us that our troubles are due to the fact that we have steadily refused to follow that Way? Might not those troubles pass away were we even at this late hour to arise and follow it?

After all this was the Perfect Man: most of us admit it. He preached and practised a mode of life, which has not been

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practised by you and me, with results we are all aware of and all bemoan.

What would be the effect on human happiness were we to follow our Leader? Have we any evidence to guide us?

Surely we have. For since Jesus left our world, here and there in history little groups of men and women have taken the Way he pointed out. And with the result that out of the turmoil and misery and darkness emerge oases of peace and joy and beauty.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

Through rainbow mists we have glimpses of a new life, unimaginably lovely, and the sons and daughters of men dwelling on earth, Children of the Resurrection in reality at last. Jesus walks on the waters once again. He says—*Peace; be still.* And there is peace and stillness.

And wherever in our own experience we have met a soul that has taken the Way—and we have most of us known two or three such—we have found ourselves brought up by a personality

Whose touch is infinite and lends
A Yonder to all ends.

We are aware of a power which amazes us, we know not why. And we rub our eyes and seem to wake and ask ourselves:

Have we been dreaming?—Have we been dead?—Have we ever lived at all?

The young capitalist asked of Jesus the secret of Eternal Life. He asked him because he saw the Master possessed that secret. Jesus *lived*—as others did not.

And we may always know the true disciples of the Master by the same sign. They too have the secret of Eternal Life—here and now. They too live as we do not—and would do.

The experience then of the race, added to our own, would tend surely to make us ask ourselves whether after all the Way

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pointed out to us by him, who said he was the Truth, may not indeed be the True and Only Way.

III

The present position is clearly impossible.

The world is divided into two classes: the possessors and the dispossessed. And the possessors as a class go to church and take the sacrament in remembrance of him who preached Possession-less-ness as the main avenue to Eternal Life.

The ministers of his Gospel, living, the chief of them, in palaces, the less in the best houses in each parish, preach Christ to the poor who have him, instead of preaching poverty to the rich who too often have him not. To the cynical it must seem like a conspiracy to perpetuate in human affairs the tragedy of Calvary: the Rich Man sanctified by the Priest holding the Door of the Fold against the Shepherd and the sheep without.

And yet it is not.

For if there is one thing more apparent than another to-day it is man's growing sense of unity that neither class nor country can really shake. And that growing sense of unity causes in the hearts of us of the possessing class that spiritual dis-ease which has its complement in the industrial unrest of the dispossessed.

We loathe the squalor, the misery, the poverty, the cruelty, the injustice that we see on all sides of us. We long to help, and turn from prophet to prophet, and from panacea to panacea, asking in all earnestness,

What is the Way?

And in answer there comes always this same quiet voice out of the silence:

I am the Way.

We hear it, and like the young capitalist, we turn our backs upon it sorrowfully. To stifle our consciences, many of us work. We sweat among the poor. We sit on committees that dispense charities. We are incredibly strenuous. We have a thousand interests—social, political, religious. And at the end of our labors we are not satisfied, and a terrible question haunts our

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hearts. Is this so-called work of ours a mere sop to conscience? Are we doing it because we *must* make some sacrifice, and we quietly but steadfastly refuse to make the one sacrifice demanded of us?

What is that sacrifice?

It is the sacrifice that men and groups, once touched by the Master's spirit, have always made; the sacrifice that the early Christians made yesterday and the Doukhobors to-day. It is the sacrifice that Tolstoy spent the last forty years of his life, nerving himself in the face of the world, to make—and never made, giant of courage though he was. It is the sacrifice that is best summed up in the action of that brilliant son and heir of a twelfth century merchant of Assisi, who when haled before the ecclesiastical court by his indignant father to be disinherited for forsaking the world, retired from court and reappeared absolutely naked, his clothes and money in his hand, saying: *Until this time I have called Pietro Bernardone my father, but now I desire to serve God.*

IV

Has not the action of St. Francis a meaning for us to-day? Did not that young man make the one *real* sacrifice?

We begin with the outside of the platter. *We* bustle and fuss; our social and political labors are interminable; we never tire of tinkering at the environment of our neighbors, and are greatly concerned about their souls; but we do not cultivate the condition of heart which would make us capable of the sacrifice, that carried out aright would in the slow procession of time render it unnecessary for us to interfere with the material and spiritual concerns of others. Men have cultivated that condition of heart in the past and women too. But since the days when the greatest heiress of Rome laid her all at the foot of the Cross, distributing her wealth in indiscriminate charity, much has happened. Wealth has accumulated; the laws governing the creation and distribution of that wealth have been to some extent discovered and formulated; class and national habits have become stereotyped; society has grown organized and inter-dependent; charity, as a cure

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of evil and especially of poverty, has become in our day suspect; and, by no means least, in the last three centuries science, deliberate, critical, masterful, experimenting here, proving there, advancing always—

With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy—

and making good continually as it goes, has come into splendid being.

The Christian of to-day cannot be simply heroic as was Princess Mélanie. To do so would be to harm rather than to help. Our heroisms must be calculated, apparently lacking in romance, cold, colorless, and yet perhaps more costly, as involving not one stupendous effort, but an unceasing labor, enduring as long as life, unknown and unacknowledged except by the spirit of posterity.

We of the possessing class must surrender—that seems sure; but we must not be theatrical. Our sacrifice must be reasoned and reasonable. The first aim of the wealthy disciple to-day must be, it would seem, to cultivate a love so broad, so deep, so tender, that he will feel in his heart the clamorous necessity to disburthen himself of the pack that, piled upon his back, not only disables him from entering the Gate of Heaven, but causes him to block the way for millions of others too.

And having prepared his heart for the sacrifice, his second aim should surely be to think out how without undue disturbance of the foundations of society, deliberately, and little by little, he, with others of his class, can in love and in humility jettison his burden of Mammon and stand up stripped and free in the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

The ideal is 2000 years old: it is the ideal of our Master.

The method is of to-day: it is the method of Science.

V

The world then is laboring under an economic system, the expression of the enduring domination of the pre-Christian con-

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ception of Man as Matter, and the symbol of our reluctance to embark in Faith upon the Higher Life opened out to us at the beginning of our era. That system entails the permanent oppression of the bulk of the dwellers upon earth.

The root of the evil lies, as has been said, in the division of humanity into two classes—those who possess the earth, and those who possess nothing but their bodies and souls and are therefore of necessity the chattels of the other class. The one class crucifies unconsciously; the other is crucified. The first has a margin of existence that it spends on superfluities which are supplied by the labors of the second class, itself going without the necessaries of life that the other class may live always artificially, not seldom meretriciously.

The remedy is clearly either political or religious.

It may come through the steady and ever-increasing pressure of the people from below, pushing up from the stifling deeps to light and life and liberty; compelling little by little the super-imposed class to permit them the right to live and move and have their being; and refusing to supply superfluities to that class while they themselves go without bread. Or it may come, as has been suggested, through the super-imposed class, caught up into the spirit of love, and spontaneously if deliberately abandoning a position which stands for the cleavage of humanity into two sections to the detriment of both.

John Woolman, the Quaker tailor, who set himself to the liberation of the slaves of his day and country, stated the situation, little changed in essentials since his time, with the direct and simple force of which he was a master:

People may have no intention to oppress, yet by entering on expensive ways of life their minds may be so entangled therein, and so engaged to support expensive customs, as to be estranged from the pure sympathizing spirit.

Was a truth ever more pithily expressed? Which of us has intention to oppress? Yet which of us is not estranged from the pure sympathizing spirit?

The state of the world to-day is surely the answer. We of the super-imposed class condemn the sweater for the conditions he in his turn super-imposes upon the sweated. Do we condemn

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ourselves for the necessity we impose upon the sweater, who would not exist but for the system of which we are the prop?

The responsibility then is ours: for ours is the class that stands for the perpetual creation of a demand for superfluities to be supplied at the cost of the sufferings of the under class which must die that we may live. Ours then is the class that crucifies—often in all innocence. In our ignorance of that root-fact lies the key of the present situation; and in our recognition of it, and our courage to deal with it without fuss or fear, lies the cure.

Every degree of luxury hath some connection with evil, says our author; and adds that it is to an excess of labor beyond that which our heavenly Father intends that he attributes the drunkenness of the poor. And might he not have added that it was to the various degrees of luxury entered upon by the rich that he attributes *their* spiritual unrest?

He who with a view to self-exaltation causeth some to labor immoderately, and with the profits arising therefrom employs others in the luxuries of life, acts contrary to the gracious designs of Him who is the owner of the earth, he continues . . . *Were all superfluities and the desire of outward greatness laid aside and the right use of things universally attended to, such a number of people might be employed in things useful as that moderate labor with the blessing of heaven would answer all good purposes, and a sufficient number would have time to attend to the proper affairs of civil society.*

It is the Gospel as interpreted by one who was the contemporary of Adam Smith.

And somehow we feel that this unlearned, if by no means illiterate, rustic, keeping shop somewhere in the backwoods, who perceived that a humble man with the blessing of the Lord might live on a little, who knew the sweetness of sincerity, and had seen the happiness of humility, and earnestly desired to enter deeply into it, takes us into the heart of the problem, and points to the solution of it, as does not the student of Glasgow University and Balliol.

And is it not a satisfying conception of the world, this conception of the little tailor of New England?

Ample labor always of a constructive and therefore stimu-

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lating character, supplemented by as ample leisure, in which to grow ample souls.

Are we nearer that conception to-day than we were when those words were penned 140 years ago?

Apparently the gulf between those who labor immoderately and those who employ others in the luxuries of life is wider than ever.

Is there less desire of outward greatness?

Certainly there are more superfluities, rather than less.

Nor can we wonder.

Life on its physical side to-day is so good, so abundant, so varied, and, above all, so deluding; money can buy so much that appears at least to satisfy, so many luxuries that we are swift to deceive ourselves into thinking of as necessaries, and which in fact speedily become indispensable to us; that a man can pass through life not unhappily, living for the world and quite unconscious of it; adding straw by straw to the burden of the weak, who have to supply his superfluities at the cost of their necessaries; trampling the poor underfoot as he climbs in happy blindness to his earthly paradise.

But is it satisfying?—Can we, who believe in the Higher Life, that has been lived once at least on earth, ever find rest except in the Spirit?—Is not the saying of St. Augustine true as ever to-day?—

Quia fecisti nos ad Te, cor nostrum inquietum est donec requiescat in Te.

Is it sufficient for the Children of the Way to cultivate the quasi-negative qualities of the superior pagan?—not to be unkind, not to be immoral, not to be unjust, not to be rude. Is nothing more asked of us who call ourselves disciples and would continue in the Word?

To be spiritually-minded is Life, says the Missionary of the Western World, *and to be carnally-minded is Death.*

And what is to be carnally-minded?—Is it to be brutally wicked?—Is it not rather to conform to the ways of the world; to submit to the presence in our midst of a class that crucifies; to belong without protest to that class; to accumulate wealth and struggle for position; and to deny that Higher Life the door to which was opened by the Carpenter of Nazareth?

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For him there was no doubt as to the Way. It was the Way of Simplicity: the thrusting forcibly through the fogs and confusions that beset us into the pure and tranquil splendor of a night of stars.

An effort is needed; a sally through the besieging hosts; a struggle for freedom that will test us to the core.

And who is to make that effort if not we who call ourselves the followers of the Man who himself made it, bursting once and forever through the trammels that enmeshed him into the liberty of Life?

At present what do we more than others?

Are we not, too, of those who pass by?

Can we, too, not endure hardness as did the humble Quaker tailor who refused to travel by stage-coach in order to avoid sharing in the cruelties meted out to post-boys and post-horses?

Every time we indulge in those superfluities of dress, of food, of domestic circumstance, which stamp our class, each such an atom in itself, yet in the mass combining to make the Mountain of Sin that crushes the world, do we think of him who said that if we would come after him we must deny ourselves, take up our Cross daily, and follow him?

To labor for a perfect redemption from this Spirit of Oppression is the great business of the whole family of Christ Jesus in this world, says our author.

This then is the question we of the possessing class have to ask ourselves:

Are we content to crucify while worshipping the Crucified?

If not, are we ready for the sacrifice that the Way of Simplicity demands of us?

The answer must depend upon the reality of our loyalty to the Leader who insistently demands that sacrifice.

And are we in fact asking ourselves how best we can bring about that redistribution of property which is necessary to the salvation of the world?—or how in the name of God and Country we can resist the clamorous millions who would lay rough hands on the Pack upon our backs and disburden us of it by force, sharing the swag among their friends?

To some of us at least it appears that the dry bones are stirring. A whisper is abroad in the valleys—a whisper of the

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Spring. The world is calling for its St. Francis, who will not lack for followers when he comes. We are playing at Christ, you and I. We know it and are sick of ourselves, sick of the sham of it, burning for the reality of Love.

Can it be that the time is at hand when we shall be prepared, little by little, to doff the Yoke of Property and take upon us in its stead the Yoke that is easy and the burden that is light?

VI

It is not, surely, by the mere study of economics, however useful and necessary that may be, that the goal is to be won; it is not just by tinkering at environment, however apt our tinkering may be; it is not by the advocacy of political propaganda, however enlightened; it is rather by following the Royal Road that was trod by him whose feet were brushed by the dews of the Garden of Gethsemane.

That surely is the Way, the only Way.

And it is not the Way of Death, leading down through the grey morasses of asceticism to a remote other-world that few of us to-day desire to enter on. It is rather the Way of Eternal Life winding up continuously out of the valleys, on and on, toward the heights shining in the dawn and loud with the songs of larks.

We think of that radiant band of Galilean peasants tramping the shores of Asia Minor preaching the Resurrection and the Life; scourged, insulted, crucified; and always, in the dungeon, on the cross, in the arena, overflowing with love and joy and thankfulness. We recall those brown-clad Troubadours of God who went singing the Song of Songs through Tuscany and Umbria until the hills and dales rejoiced again. And we dream of the Men of To-morrow—or shall it be to-day?—with the old light in their eyes, and the old joy in their hearts, setting forth to tramp along the track that started always to the dawn, and always got diverted from its course, to make of that track with the massive Instrument of Science a Way, a Permanent Way, more direct and true and enduring than any Roman Road,

On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

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THE SOLDIERS

An Impression of Battle

HORACE HOLLEY

WHOM I long since had known,
Long since forgotten;
Who cast their names behind them
Like a dream,
Like stagnant water spitting
Their tasteless souls away;
These are the soldiers,
The nameless, the changelings,
Monstrous with slow tormenting Number,
Pestilent with unremitting Machine.

Soldiers . . .
These are they whom I suspected, guilty and glorious,
Crouching in my own thought's background,
Released by the whirlwind of fate
To move as winds that scream about the Pole,
As darkness of sea-depths,
As meeting of ice and flame.
Priests of the mystic sensual death,
When shall they return?
When shall they return, broken, from Hell?

The fuse of a thousand years has burned:
Lord, quicken the groping hands of to-morrow!

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SOME SLAVONIC IDEALS

CHARLES GRAY SHAW

IN the midst of the present European conflict, when the armaments of nations are contrasted with and pitted against one another, it is not uncommon to observe the contrast and conflict of national ideals. Germany has culture, Russia has not; therefore, the quarrel between Teuton and Slav should find the enlightened of America taking sides with the Krupps and Zeppelins of those who are the descendants of Leibnitz and Lessing, of Kant and Goethe. Men fight not against flesh and blood alone, but against the spiritual forces of national culture, so that, not only upon land and sea, but in the sky as well, the stars in their courses are fighting among themselves. At last it has come to light that commerce is not destined to serve as the synthesis which shall bind nation to nation, race to race; industrialism, which was to have taken the place of militarism, has failed to usher in the era of earth-peace, whence we are forced to look to other quarters for the unifying and pacifying of the sons of men. Is it possible for Russia to take its place and do its work in the spiritual unification of mankind? Has Russia any spiritual life in the midst of its Muscovite ideals and Cossack forces? Has the Slav enriched our modern thought-life, or has he allowed his Asiatic heaviness to retard his intellectual development? Whatever may be the answer forthcoming from the political and social history of the Slav, the testimony of Russian literature must not be ignored, and this literature does not fail to reveal an intimate sense of life or an ardent desire for life's perfection within.

In its most comprehensive form, Russian life must be viewed from the standpoint of Nihilism. To the average critic of Russia, nihilism means no more than armed revolt and the assassination of princes; with the originators of the doubtful doctrine, nihilism stood for the building up of man's interior life by means of culture, individualism, and compassion. There is thus a major nihilism, which makes for peace and perfection, and a minor nihilism which seeks the immediate destruction of existing

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institutions. When, therefore, the non-Slavonic world of the west seeks light upon the problems of culture, individualism, and religion, it cannot justly or safely set aside the results of the Russian literary genius, which has invented nihilism for the purpose of enriching the spiritual life of humanity.

1. The problem of national culture of such import in the midst of the present conflict, which is euphemistically called War, is one which the Russian has not neglected, although the Russian cannot claim much in the way of originality. Where, in the Renaissance, Bacon formulated the problem for the English mind, where Rousseau for France challenged the authority of the intellect, where Fichte sought in the culture-principle the basis for a genuine Fatherland, while Emerson attempted to Americanize our own feeble tendencies toward beauty and enlightenment, the Russian mind found it expedient to wait until the coming of the 'forties before it was ready to face the intellectual issue of internal Russia. It is true that, in the eighteenth century, Peter the Great laid the foundations of national culture, but it was not until the nineteenth century that the romantic Pushkin was able to invest this with a definitely æsthetic content, while the Russianizing of the Slavonic intellect was to come still later, with the appearance of Russia's chief contribution to letters, the realistic novel, which has extended in characteristic manner from Gogol to Gorki. Europeanized in the eighteenth and made Russian in the nineteenth century, the Slav, in the hour that is now striking, is attempting to rid his nation of a certain residue of the Germanic. Through the philosophy of Tchadeyef and the criticism of Byelinsky, Slavonic ideals were so isolated and intensified that Turgenieff was able to consider the essence and worth of national culture life as such.

In his attitude toward national culture, Turgenieff is of value for the way in which he informs us concerning the spread of intellectualism among the Russian aristocracy; as a philosopher, he is less significant, so that we are forced to regard him as one who excelled in description rather than dialectics. Turgenieff reports the condition of the intellectuals and æsthetes during the two decades which preceded 1860, and while the result is disappointing to his own Russian mind, it does not fail

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to enhance the Slavonic ideal in ours. The Russian aristocracy seems to have engaged in the noble but fruitless pursuit of an ideal humanity of æsthetic character and intellectual proportions. What had been the result? Instead of Hellenism, the organization of humanity upon the basis of intellectual and artistic superiorities, Russia had developed a disintegrating tendency which was destined to end in nihilism. Turgenieff is thus forced to feel that the spiritual synthesis of his nation must come about in some other than an intellectual manner; what cannot be accomplished by the intellect may be done by the will, while field and factory ought to produce through work the ideals which cannot spring full-armed from the head of the culture-god. Other nations had made of the nineteenth century the epoch of the middle-class; Russia, as viewed by Turgenieff, seemed sadly lacking in that neither-hot-nor-cold human order called the Bourgeoisie.

The pathetic longing for the middle-class, which is characteristic with Turgenieff, leads the artist to criticise the superior souls who had surrendered themselves to the ideal of contemplation, whose attitude was one of "lying on one's back to look at the sky." Turgenieff's motto was taken from a contemporary agriculturist: "Virgin soil should not be broken up with a primitive plough, which skims along the surface, but with a modern plough which cuts deep." The intellectual plough had only been skimming the surface of Russian life, but now the time had come for the modern instrument to turn up the soil with a vengeance industrial, while he who had put his hand to the plough should not look back with the pathos of one who hesitates to leave behind him the one-time home of intellectual life. To those who survey Russia from afar, and with eyes none too sympathetic, that which causes Turgenieff's sorrow arouses a sense of satisfaction; they who have seen in Russia nothing but serfdom and tyranny cannot fail to be cheered by the intelligence that a Russian prophet could complain of an excess of intellectualism, even when that excess might seem due to lack of proportion rather than to a Hellenic exaggeration of intellect.

The pale blue of intellectualism which seems to have marked the superior men of the 'forties was the essential principle of

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that nihilism which, at later dates, was to assume deeper and more lurid hues. Turgenieff introduces this mild but paralyzing intellectualism when he places before us his Rudin in the novel which bears the title of this protagonist. Rudin was a well-intentioned young man who might have found his place in either England or France, but he was sadly out of place in his Russia. At home in the midst of transcendental generalities and united with himself as long as the issue is one of idealistic striving, Rudin can find no place in a world which demands action. Eloquent he is, not "efficient"; his activism never advances beyond the speech-centre in the fissure of Rolando. Rudin is eloquent where the civilization of his day demanded that one be "efficient"; when he is confronted by the question, What are we to do? his activities are confined to mere phrase-making. All this is of course a "story," and the life-history of Rudin is so much "reading matter"; but with the Russian novel, which takes the place of a work on ethics or political philosophy, the naïve tale has the value of a treatise on nihilism. The author will have his ardent reader believe that Russia is peopled with Rudins, or intellectual nihilists, who are standing in the way of civilization, inasmuch as they cannot answer the imperative interrogative, What's to be done?

If Turgenieff was correct, the Russia of the first half of the nineteenth century was suffering from a preponderance of intellectualism. This, at any rate, was Turgenieff's message, this the news he gave to the world. Where his Rudin was intellectual but inert, Lavretsky, in *A Nest of Nobles,* was possessed of somewhat less intellectualism with a corresponding increase in the tendency toward action, for Lavretsky really longed, as he said, "to cultivate the soil." Perhaps he never put his hand to the plough, yet he turned his gaze from the sky toward the earth, so that his attitude at least was satisfactory to the activism of the author. Russians were Rudins in those days, or they were contemplative, self-scrutinizing Hamlets. In *Virgin Soil,* we meet another one of these Slavonic idealists, who suffers from nostalgia for action in the world of nature, but who cannot escape from the foreign country of culture. An æsthete who could not "simplify" himself, Nezdanoff pours out his soul to

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the shade of a more famous contemplator, and exclaims, "O Hamlet, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, how am I to emerge from thy shadow?" In his attempt at the simplification, which shall lead the æsthetic man to the field of action and "social service," as we call it, Nezdanoff tries to drink the vodka of the proletariat, and drink it "massively," but can do no better than to spill the plebeian liquor under the table. Like Goethe's *Tasso* and *Faust,* Nezdanoff suffers from that duality of soul which sets the man of thought at variance with the man of action within his own breast; whence his significant farewell to his sweetheart: "Marianna, there are two men in me—and one will give the other no peace. And so I think it would be better if both of them were to cease to live." Russia must have been populated with such "superfluous men," as Turgenieff calls them, yet the future seemed to him to promise the coming of a new race, a race of practical, helpful men. "There is no one as yet among us, look where you will. All are either small fry, or petty Hamlets. . . . They will come? O thou soil, thou black-earth force! thou hast said: 'They will come?' Behold, I shall put thy words on record."

Where Turgenieff spoke for the aristocracy of the earlier half of the century, Gorki has put in a plea for the suffering proletariat, his own "barefoot brigade." Oddly enough, and perplexing to him who would secure for himself a conception of the Russian mind, Gorki has set up an ideal which contradicts the Turgenieffian. According to Gorki's intuition, the *unum necessarium* of the contemporary Russian is not work or bread, but insight into the ultimate meaning of life. This longing for light is the essential principle of Gorki's most terrible of pictures, the drama called *Night Refuge.* Lodged in a cellar which serves in the capacity of boarding-house, a company of outcasts devote the night to an attempt to adjust themselves to the idea of Life. Sink as low as man may, he is still a human being; that is Gorki's major premise in a dramatic argument which concludes that man remains man as long as he seeks Truth. It is truth which the dying consumptive seeks, a speculative answer to the question why she has never had enough to eat. It is ideal truth which the locksmith craves when actual life

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has never shown him aught but labor and degradation. It is the picture of truth which the drunken "baron" traces upon the wall when he outlines the form of a man. Wealth, food, and social position are not lost to view, but it is knowledge which stands out as the grand desideratum.

Gorki's *Foma Gordyeeff* is a fine antidote for all the Turgenieffian novels which condemn the introspective man of intellect. Gorki seems to insist that the Russian needs, not less, but more culture, more intellectual humanism and less of work. Which is right, Turgenieff or Gorki; which gives the truer picture of the Russian soul? Taken together in their mutual opposition, both artists agree in informing us that the Slav is alive to both the dangers and the advantages of culture, both link the destiny of Russia with the development of the intellect. In the mind of Gorki, the Russian is an owl in the sunlight; confused with excess of light, he flies from place to place, loses his feathers, and finally slips into the most convenient place. Appointed to organize life on earth, the Russian simply "takes up room"; his essential misery is due to the fact that he cannot adjust the scales in which labor and culture are balanced. Work is not all, business may be no more than a "plug for the emptiness of the soul"; the aim of life is not activity as such, for men now are moving about as briskly as so many cockroaches, except that unlike cockroaches they do not know where they want to go, what they want to do. "My idea is," says one of his significant characters, "that everybody ought, without fail, to know solidly—what he is living for." Thus far, in Russia, man has not constructed life, but a "cesspool"; in genuine life, man will possess intellect and individuality. More enlightenment and less action, then, seems to present to Gorki the essential issue of Slavonic existence. Have other more cultured nations elaborated such an ideal?

The life contemplative, then, versus the life active; the Russian has felt this poignant antinomy, has felt it even where he has never known the extremes of either intellectualism or industry. Furthermore, the Russian has not overlooked the sad fact that culture may often be the foe of compassion, since the intellectual life is capable of its own coldness, its "artist-cruelty."

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In the mind of Dostoievsky, both industrialism and æstheticism are inimical to the essential meaning and evaluation of human life. Dostoievsky's philosopher wonders whether "the springs of life have not grown weaker with the increase of railways." In our enlightened land, friends of the New Haven and Rock Island might do well to consider this economico-æsthetical question. Yet, it was not the railway alone that the Russian believed to have polluted the springs of life; rather was it the whole materialistic tendency of the nineteenth century from which neither joy nor beauty was the gainer. But, has art done better than industry? Russian compassionism here condemns both the modern State, where industry is the synthetic principle, and the social order of the Renaissance in which the æsthetical was supposed to assemble the sons of men under the banner of the beautiful. "The rumble of the carts bringing bread to humanity is more important than the Sistine Madonna." Still, there are phases of Dostoievsky where the mere bringing of bread to the hungry is not sufficient as a means for binding humanity together. Sometimes the Russian mind asks, which has the greater worth, "Shakespeare or boots? Raphael or petroleum?" Again it wonders whether Shakespeare and Raphael are not worth more than the emancipation of the serfs. It asks the culture-question, even when it cannot answer it, while other nations, preëminently our own, have decided in favor of railways, boots, and bread, without pausing to inquire whether these are the things that make for national value. With our wheat-fields, oil-wells, and shoe-factories, we may be polluting the "springs of life."

Scepticism concerning the respective values of culture and action was not new when Turgenieff sought to caricature the idle intellectual among the Russians of the 'forties; but to present this as a living, social issue had known no parallel, except perhaps in the case of Rousseau. Montaigne's *Raymonde de Sabunde,* Voltaire's *Candide,* Goethe's *Faust* had all drawn the strident distinction between the life of thought and that of action. But, with the Russian, the question was national and imminent; as such, does it not represent a certain trait of racial worthiness? One might indeed indulge the faint hope that,

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here in America, we might be "threatened" by the Slavonic ideals which seem so shocking to western Europe, since the American, more Edisonian than Emersonian, has not as yet been tempted to taste of the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden which he cultivates with such assiduity, such frightful efficiency. Our country roads and city streets fail to reveal the superfluous Hamlets which gave Turgenieff so much sincere concern; our national ideals are too thoroughly middle-class and middle-west. The Russian has escaped much of the meanness of the non-intellectual industrialism of more fortunate races and nations; at the same time, he has given the culture problem a tilt that only the Slav could give.

2. A second feature of modern life in general made its appearance in the problem of individualism, which for the sake of clearness may be styled "egoism." Until the dawning of the paradoxical nineteenth century, there had been no individualism on earth; that spurious individualism which was identified with private property was as far removed from true individualism as the world of commerce from the world of culture. Genuine individualism, as this has inspired many a literary artist of the last few decades, has never been identifiable with property, has always been one with personality, according to the principle of living one's own life. Hence, without any marked sense of so-called industrialism, the Slavonic mind has not failed to take up the ideal of selfhood, which it has invested with a content unknown in other culture-circles. As with the problem of culture, so here; the Russian was not the originator of the individualistic doctrine, but he gave it such force and relentlessness as to make it all but his own idea. In the career of German Romanticism, egoism makes its appearance as the doctrine of æsthetic personality; but where the romantic Schlegel made the ego possible, it was reserved for the realistic Stendhal to thrust this ego out into the world of manners and morals. Our own Emerson, a superb egoist of the most advanced type, antedated all the Russian individualists, as he had the good fortune also to antedate Stirner. In post-romantic Germany, Siegfried was thought of in the early history of Wagner's opera, but his voice was not heard until the 'seventies. In Norway, that is with

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Ibsen, the presence of the self was felt while the great dramatist was busy with the histories of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt,* but the human self was not seen until, in 1879, Nora Helmer stepped forth from the threshold of her conventional, impersonal *Doll's House* into the indefinable open of selfhood. In comparison with these elder models, the all-advertised Superman of Nietzsche seems quite youthful and secondary; both Russia and America knew his story long before he told it. Russian individualism dates as far back as 1861, when Turgenieff published *Fathers and Children,* nor was it an old story in 1866, when Dostoievsky, who flayed with scorpions where Turgenieff had used whips, produced his *Crime and Punishment.* With the nihilism of such Slavonic geniuses, the doctrine of individualism could not assume a character purely literary.

With Russian literature of the 'sixties, nihilism was little more than æsthetic individualism, although it contented itself more with the negation of the social order than with the positive, definitive elaboration of egoism as such. If, with his aimless intellectuals, Turgenieff could not approve or abide by the more refined form of individualism, he was willing to consider that the ethical possibilities of the ego were inwardly reinforced by strong impulses. So great was his fondness for action that, although no contrite individualist, he was willing to praise him who would exercise the will-to-selfhood. Turgenieff's ego is solitary and somewhat unconvincing; he appears in the form of Bazaroff, the hero in *Fathers and Children;* where the older generation, the fathers, had rested content with a nihilism which simply withdrew from the world, the younger generation, the children, resorted to action; that is, to non-conformity and opposition. If Russian literature did not contain the works of Dostoievsky, foreign readers might treat Turgenieff's egoism seriously; but when these readers recall Dostoievsky's Raskolnikow and Stavrogin, they forget the name of Bazaroff. In spite of his ineffectiveness as a militant individualist, Bazaroff entertained clear ideas of what an egoist was supposed to be and do. As a nihilist, the emancipated ego is " a man who does not bow before any authority whatever, who does not accept a single principle on faith, with whatever respect that principle

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may be environed." When this maxim was turned into channels of energy, it produced a repudiatory force, whence Bazaroff said, "We act by force of that which we recognize as most useful. At the present time, the most useful thing of all is rejection —we reject." With such ideas fermenting in his brain, Bazaroff seemed to his disciples "a bird of prey, strong and energetic," but except for his fighting a formal duel with a gentleman of the old school, the conduct of Bazaroff was practically proper; he was more the "superfluous" man than the revolutionary individualist. Submissive in character, his strength is not such as to save him from the power of disease; now, the reader had been entertaining the hope that Bazaroff might be sent to Siberia, the Russian equivalent for the gallows.

Dostoievsky's egos do not content themselves with aimless ideals; with them, thought leads to impulsive action, action to crime. Here let it be observed that Dostoievsky, while a moralist and political theorist, is none the less the descriptive artist whose distorted genius leads him to wander, at times, from the path of egoistic doctrine into the bog and briar of the terrible. At the same time, this tendency toward the terrible, so marked with Hoffman and Poe, is not a curiosity, since it furnishes Dostoievsky with a means of displaying the excesses of the human will. In the programme of Dostoievsky, culture and individuality come through crime, although there are places in his works where the criminal commits the favorite crime of murder for the sake of displaying strength when that strength is not identified with the egoistic will-to-power. The horrible was thus the atmosphere in which Dostoievsky moved; in at least one instance, that of Raskolnikow, the mark of Cain is used to identify both murderer and individualist. In other instances, Dostoievsky depicts the terrible because of the intense attractiveness which it has for him. Throwing all special doctrine to the winds, the artist gropes about undismayed in the darkness of the Russian soul, his inferno, purgatorio, paradiso. Loathsome insects and dumb beasts, intense light and impenetrable darkness, "special sudden ideas" and higher moments of epilepsy, the laughter of children and the moans of dying babes, abject need and infinite sense of power, love and hatred, ideal tempta-

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tions and æsthetic indignation, a vision of Lazarus in the tomb and the spectacle of a beautiful woman nude and dead, childish belief and diabolical atheism, a man praying to Christ while he murders his dearest friend—such contrasts, such turbulent whirlpools of soul-stuff ferment in the brain of an artist who craves " the highest synthesis of life."

In his egoistic *dandyisme,* Oscar Wilde relates that one, Thomas Wainewright, killed Helen Abercrombie because she had very thick ankles; long before this feeble attempt at literary diabolism, Dostoievsky had shown how Rogozhin had stabbed the beautiful Nastasya Filippovna for no reason at all except that he adored her, while he also possessed a garden knife which had killed six others. From this scene the reader cannot escape, if he is bent on reading the work, *The Idiot,* to the end; the appearance of the body, the amount of blood, fortunately only a table-spoonful, decomposition, all—truly " the Russian soul is a dark place."

Selfhood, Russian selfhood, must come through crime, while it is also crime which makes culture possible. Nietzsche reminds us that, with both the Aryan Prometheus and the Semitic Eve, original human culture was fated to have a criminal source, but the man here and the woman there merely stole from heaven the boons which man was destined to enjoy. With Dostoievsky, the connection between culture and crime is vivid; the auspices under which the two are united, wanting in all mythological remoteness, are actual, modern, Russian. In a manner at once confident and relentless, Dostoievsky lays down the principles of individualism upon the deeper principle that, for superior men, laws do not exist, so that they have absolute right to commit all kinds of criminal acts, if these be necessary for the attainment of the egoistic goal. In *Crime and Punishment,* this ideal of aristocracy and individuality depends upon an ethics which divides men into two classes, ordinary and extraordinary; the ordinary men are destined by nature to live in a state of obedience; the extraordinary ones have the right to break every law and commit every kind of crime, simply because they are extraordinary men. " The extraordinary man has a right by his very individuality to permit his conscience to overstep certain bounds, only so far as the

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realization of his ideas may require it"; such was the maxim, the categorical imperative of Dostoievsky's arch ego, Raskolnikow. At the same time, the individualistic morale was not thought to justify crime for crime's sake, or for the purpose of attaining subordinate ends; crime was justified for the sake of culture, or with the idea of advancing something of a superior character. Forbidden the ordinary man in the pursuit of commonplace aims, crime cannot act as a deterrent for the self-realization of a Newton, a Mohammed, a Napoleon.

Where others, since Dostoievsky, have simply toyed with this idea, or have made use of it for the purpose of justifying a certain form of licentiousness known as "master morality" or "artist morality," the Russian genius is the basis of violent action, which knew no compassion, no compunction. Superiority thus expressed itself through strength, while strength showed itself in the opposition to the established order. Like Nietzsche, Dostoievsky expressed the faint hope that such isolated examples of self-will might bring into being a race of superior men, whence the immediate opposition to the social order might ultimately redound to the benefit of mankind by bringing into being a superior race of men. Truly the Russian soul is a "dark place"; and yet have we Americans anything more meritorious upon which to pride ourselves when we tacitly assume that "superior" men have the right to overstep law and conscience if they make petroleum more plentiful and cheaper? The Slavonic superman was frank in his avowal that the individual might go his own way and do his own deed, provided that his course of conduct led to more culture; we have all but assumed that similar freedom might be granted our high financier, if his Wall Street and lower-Broadway ethics led to more commerce. Furthermore, the Russian soul, whence leaps forth the stark ideal of self-willed individualism, has a deterrent of its own in the form of an inherent sense of compassion. It was this sentiment which, measured egoistically, was the undoing of Raskolnikow, who realized that he, as a Russian, could not carry the egoistic programme through to its consummation, because he was made of "flesh" where the perfect ego was built of "bronze." In this manner, culture led to crime, crime to compassion.

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3. The Russian sense of religion, as expressed in the realistic novel, and the little philosophics of Tolstoy, is one with the emotion of compassion. In the inward elaboration and outward expression of this extra-human sentiment, the Slav has produced an ideal which had lapsed since the classic days of Buddhism, save where Christianity has found fit to consider "charity" in its most profound sense. When, therefore, the student of European morals casts about for humanistic ideals, he will at last be persuaded that, not in the drab and dreary "altruism" of English ethics, but in the palpitating, agonizing compassionism of Russian religion the ultimate meaning of man's inner life is to be found. With what exasperating conscientiousness has the British mind sought to stretch from soul to soul a synthetic principle of unified human existence upon earth! Read anywhere in Dostoievsky, and the British "benevolence" of Cumberland and Shaftesbury, of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill will seem immoral in its effrontery. In England, contrite, serious England, economists and evolutionists have dabbled in this sentiment of a common happiness; they have called it "sympathy," a favorite word with both Smith and Darwin. In the midst of this groping for the light, as the history of western Europe has long displayed the moralist crawling about on all fours, the Russian soul has been bathed in compassionism. Dostoievsky's "Idiot" saw the human soul naked, wretched, trembling, and in the midst of his epileptic fit, where the sense of life was multiplied tenfold, there came a special sudden idea, a feeling of beauty and eternity, a flood of extraordinary light, a higher moment, a superior synthesis of life, all of which blended in the single idea,—"compassion is the only law of human existence." Such an ideal is exclusively Slavonic, specifically Dostoievskian. Firmly intrenched in this profound sentiment, the author of *Crime and Punishment* leads one of his characters to say: "It has been explained that pity is now actually forbidden by science, an opinion current in England, the headquarters of political economy."

Russian compassionism is the direct product of Russian nihilism. In order for the Slav to tap the veins of humanity it became necessary for him to puncture the social skin which

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covered them; for this reason, the Russian literary genius, when turned in the direction of social ethics, cannot abide by the spurious identification of "humanity" with "society," but insists upon the fundamental difference between the warm, inner content and the cool outer form. In other sections of the occident, where the humanitarian ideal has found something like adequate expression and furtherance in organized society, the invidious distinction has not been made. England has thus succeeded in effecting a more or less perfect synthesis of "British Empire" and "British benevolence." Germany has experienced more harshness, yet the patient, believing German people, inspired by the ideal of national culture, have been led to believe that the rigors of Hohenzollern rule were more or less in harmony with the actual needs of humanity, as this humanity was felt by the German soul. In both France and America, where the eighteenth century ideal of rights has seemed to express at one and the same time the needs of humanity and the necessities of the State, the antinomy between inner life and outer existence has never been strident or threatening. In Russia, however, the contrast between the self-conscious, suffering individual and the harsh, impersonal State has made the synthesis of humanity and society impossible. Hence, that which was outwardly a protest against law was inwardly a plea for interior life. In this spirit, Dostoievsky found it necessary to say, "This hatred of Russia was quite lately almost regarded by some of our liberals as sincere love for their country." Thus understood, nihilism is at once hatred of society and love for humanity; moreover, the love of Russian humanity has been given an extra significance, whence it assumes the character of religion. For this reason, the Russian of the realistic novel is in the habit of ascribing to his Deity the attribute of nationality, so that when, in *The Possessed,* the hero is asked, "Do you believe in God?" he replies, "I believe in Russia." Now, if this "Russia" were the actual Russia of the organized, Czarized State, the idea would appear as ludicrous as if one were to speak of "the German God," the "British God," the "American God." To apply such nationalistic adjectives to the Supreme Being is thus beyond the literary comprehension of every artist in the western world, except the

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Russian, whose conception of Russian humanity has become so profound that he is privileged to speak in the same way of the Russian divinity.

Taking his stand upon humanity, as though to place his affair upon nothing, the Slavonic æsthete advances from the negation of society to the practical negation of the natural order. If humanity cannot be made greater, nature and society must become less; such is the relentless logic of the artistic nihilist. To turn back from Dostoievsky and Tolstoy to such nihilists as Baudelaire and Goethe is to see nihilism as a sincere conviction in contrast with the philosophy of negation as a literary pose; without the aid of a Baudelairean Satan or a Goethean Mephisto, the Slav has found within his own dark soul the inexorable spirit of negation, *der Geist der stets verneint.* The origin of this destructive sentiment among the Russians may be found in that more direct connection with the early Aryan than other Indo-Germans were destined to experience; Slavonic and Sanskrit ideals are thus affiliated where, in other literatures, the changes peculiar to the last three millenniums have had the effect of effacing much if not all of the original Asiaticism. Having observed several striking likenesses between Hindu and Russian, Melchior de Vogüe has concluded that "nihilism is the Hindu Nirvana." In such a nihilistic spirit, the Russian realist argues against the struggle for existence which continually thrusts mankind onward without urging him upward. "What's the use of evolution when the goal has been attained?"—that is the question which continually forces itself upon the Russian mind. So far as those who have been produced are concerned, the most logical conclusion to their life argument is termination of life itself. In this connection, Dostoievsky introduces an ideal of suicide which makes Hamlet's logic of Either-Or appear academic and stagey. "If there is no God, I am God. . . . . If God exists, all is His will and from His will; I cannot escape. If not, it's all my will and I am bound to show my self-will. . . . . I am bound to shoot myself, because the highest point of my self-will is to kill myself with my own hands. There are lots of suicides, but to kill one's self without any cause at all, simply from self-will, I am the only one." According to this destructive dia-

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lectic, history will need to be rewritten in a new, nihilistic form, where it will consist of two parts: from the gorilla to the annihilation of God, and from the annihilation of God to the self-destruction of man.

The logic of Slavonic irreligion, which latter is often one with religion itself, is not altogether sane for the mind of the reader, who is still bound to find it novel and entertaining. The Russian would be better off without it, but how about the busy American of thrill-loving New York and idea-seeking San Francisco, the American of the absurd middle-west? There need be no fear that our creature of commerce and moving pictures, of agriculture and baseball will ever adopt the nihilistic notions of far-off Russia; yet, dare we not assert that a dash of nihilism would serve to season our national diet so that by choking a little we might be led to ask, What is it all about, this eating, and working, and seeking entertainment? Thwarted in love, failing in business, or losing social honor, the American will indeed kill himself; but he is not capable of the suicidal logic which insists on self-destruction because life has no manifest meaning, no ultimate goal. If we could but commit suicide so far as certain life-ideals are concerned and thus reduce ourselves to something like sheer humanity within, we should be a great deal better off than we are to-day without national ideals as such, without national culture.

Russian religion, which is always a kind of irreligion, is compassionistic in the midst of its ferocity. The contrite ego fears lest he "take up room in the world"; true, there is space in Siberia, but it is not land of which he is speaking, rather is it the idea that there is not enough Life to go around. Turgenieff cannot express this compassion except in a perpetual sense of tenderness in the spirit of which he makes the Princess in *Fathers and Children* draw the Cross over the face of the Sphinx. Tolstoy goes deeper, but then Tolstoy is always looking about for a doctrine in these states of distress. As is usually the case with Russian writers, it was Dostoievsky who went to the bottom of the pit. In his *Crime and Punishment,* the assassin kisses the feet of the harlot and exclaims, "I do not bow down to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person." In *The*

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Idiot, which should be the despair of the professional "psychologist," he casts out from the mind of the epileptic all conscious connections which, with the normal mind, go to make up rationality, and leaves the Idiot-Prince with no mentality save that which constitutes compassion. Yet, with this slender cerebral equipment, the Idiot is able to steer his course through the troubled waters of life without surprise, or fear, or disaster. The ethics of the Idiot is bound to puzzle the hedonist, just as his consciousness defies the experimental psychologist; let eudæmonistic moralism consider such ideals as those of the Idiot, when he asks to be forgiven for his happiness, while he feels unworthy of his sufferings.

With the Slavonic problem before us, we may conclude that, although the Russian may not develop national individualism, he is anxious to do this very thing; though he may never perfect Russian culture, such is his national ideal; while he may not succeed in creating a religion of compassion, it is the only religion which he knows. That is to say, the Russian, if we may measure him by his literary ideals, is in the attitude of receiving the highest things which spiritual life has to offer. Dare other European nations assert the same claim? Does the American have the courage to affirm it as his own? "Show him (the Russian) the whole world of humanity, rising again, and renewed by Russian thought alone, perhaps by the Russian God and Christ, and you will see into what a mighty and truthful, what a wise and gentle giant he will grow before the eyes of the astounded world, astounded and dismayed, because it expects of us nothing but the sword, nothing but the sword and violence, because, judging us by themselves, the other peoples cannot picture us free from barbarism." Now, the Russian giant with the attributes of mighty truthfulness and gentle wisdom is quite unlike the *ursa major* to which we are wont to liken the Slav. Which is right, the Russian, or his anti-Slavonic critic? Well, "Russia is a freak of nature,"—and the "Russian soul is a dark place"—Dostoievsky's own words. We Americans are suffering for a certain kind and amount of national freakishness, of national darkness. We need the national peril of ideas.

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INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT

ARTURO LABRIOLA

THE newspapers have recently reprinted what purports to be the prophecy of General Nogi concerning the probable effects of a great European war, spoken at the time of the siege of Port Arthur. The Japanese statesman and military strategist is quoted as saying: "This war will be the last in Europe for many a day, perhaps forever," and that a probable result of such a conflagration would be a general disarmament.

Instinctively public opinion in Europe has felt something similar, vaguely hoping that the great Continental conflict would mark the beginning of a new era. Even in the darkest hours of life hope is apt to be mocked, but at least it forces upon us the recognition that this cyclopean clash of races cannot be brought to a close without leaving the world the task of eliminating causes for the repetition of such a tragedy.

But we need not imagine that such a propitious event can be brought into reality merely through disgust and horror at all the catastrophes that have been heaped up by the war. From this moment, it will be necessary to create a conscience in accord with the results for which we are hoping. Our minds must prepare to sterilize those conditions which might bring about the same crisis again, and we must aim to spread a general desire for disarmament.

The present war—I have made myself hoarse repeating this—is the outcome less of the essential and inherent differences between races, or of the accumulation of differences in the opposing fields, than of the inevitable logic of persistent and intense armament, which through the military caste has effected the popularization of its own intransigent logic and its own particular psychology. The responsibility for this war, which is so great and tempestuous, is no longer placed at the door of a society which is based upon the opposition of classes and of nations. More particularly we can blame the system of "armed peace," which while raising its voice in a protest for peace has

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countenanced the frenzied and monstrous accumulation of arms. *At a certain point the War Machine becomes its own master.* At a certain point, it must act autonomously. Who can doubt that war must have occurred some time?

In this truth lies the justification for the violent antipathy that is now so troublesomely surrounding the Fatherland. If we were to take an international vote to-day among the neutral and belligerent nations, the result of it would be crushing for Germany. Even those peoples who for reasons of material gain should look for German victory would express their aversion to her; and this not so much because of the way in which the war was provoked or because of the violation of Belgian neutrality, but rather because of the widespread sentiment that the system of "armed peace" is the cause of the gigantic tragedy. Armed peace is not a theory, but a real fact imposed on all Europe by Germany and therefore the fundamental reason of this terrible crisis. Even Russia, which has been so decried by liberal opinion, has acted benevolently, in view of the fact that armed peace has been fostered by example and through fear of Germany.

With the exception of Austria, Germany is practically without a friend. Public opinion has already been convinced that the actual war is a result of the system of armed peace and of the Permanent Alliance, both imposed on the world by Germany. Everyone remembers that Germany has twice frustrated attempts to pass from the system of armed peace to the system of *international armament:* in 1900, when the Czar called a conference at The Hague, and in 1905, when the English Liberals went to the Government and through Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proposed the limitation of naval armaments. Public opinion throughout Europe has not been able to free itself from the idea that if Germany had accepted the principle of international and balanced armaments, we should never have been hurled into the present catastrophe.

Thus public opinion in Europe has already been convinced that the first enemy to defeat is this system of armed peace. But it is especially among neutral nations that we must spread the conviction that the war ought to be ended with an obligation among all belligerent Powers to adopt the system of interna-

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tional armament, which implies the principle that the strength of reciprocal armament is a matter for international agreement and arbitration, as much among great nations as among weaker ones. This war—long or short as it may be—cannot be ended with partial and unilateral agreement, but ought to bring about a congress of all European Powers. Neutral and minor nations will certainly have the same voice as the belligerent and great Powers. And when a union of the majority of the European states is in favor of the principle of international armament, Germany must halt before the danger of a general coalition.

This will bear the most conspicuous fruit in its influence upon the democratic future of the world. The internal contradiction that splits the German world is the development of the democratic organization of the working-class, an organization that has been steadily and increasingly weakened by the military and autocratic constitution of the Government. The force that is opposed to the full expression of working-class organization —the most significant element in the game of democratic politics—is the iron mechanism of the German army, which is under the exclusive direction of the Kaiser and the aristocratic and financial oligarchy which surrounds him.

To break and to weaken the monstrous structure of the German army, to limit its number and its efficiency, is only another way to aid the development of German industrial democracy, the character of which is now crushed and compromised by the army and the power exercised by the oligarchy of bankers and aristocrats under the direction of the Kaiser.

The first step to be taken in this direction is to focus public attention upon the real causes of the catastrophe. The historian who traces causes and by judging facts searches for antecedents is enabled to discover the contradictory nature of capitalism, of race-conflict, and so forth. Yet a long conflict of races does not necessarily explode in war. Capitalism is a contradictory system, but it cannot always lead to conflicts between one country and another. On the contrary, it generally exhausts itself in the class conflict. When out of capitalism and the antithetical tendency of races war does break out, there is a disturbing factor in the two causes, which in the present instance is precisely our

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system of armed peace, that does not consider the independent development and growth of armaments in any single country a menace to peace.

Therefore it is necessary to undertake a long campaign against the system of armed peace and independent armament. It will be necessary at the time of the convention of plenipotentiaries appointed to enact treaties to consider the opinion of neutrals and of minor nations already confirmed in this principle: that the matter of armament is of equal importance to all nations and therefore a matter not to be decided by any single state in its presumption of sovereignty. It is necessary at least among democratic countries that the opinion should prevail that it is a common menace that any one state should refuse to be subjected to the principle of internationality in the matter of armament.

Captains of industry have always been the enemies of accumulated armament, judging it dangerous not only to prosperity but to the freedom of every country. It has always seemed more difficult to associate great armies with the defence of the democratic principle. When the dangers of socialism first appeared, these captains of industry submitted. But their calculations were wrong. Socialism is along the normal line of industrial evolution of each nation, and is hastened by reckless financial politics. Great armies have led these countries straight into war, into devastation, into famine. How many capitalists at the present moment would not have preferred to double the wages of their employees as an alternative to facing the irreparable disaster of this war? However, lamentations are of no avail. The only thing to do now is to safeguard the future. If this terrifying lesson proves sufficient, it will teach the world the necessity of proletarian democracy and of international disarmament.

If it does not . . . barbarism!

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"THOU SHALT NOT KILL" IN WAR

The Limitations that International Law places upon Violence. "Kriegsraeson" subordinate to "Kriegsrecht" and "Kriegsmanier." Prohibited Agencies, Means and Methods of Warfare on Land

WILLIAM MILLER COLLIER

WAR is hell!

Whether or not General Sherman was the first to utter the remark so often attributed to him, millions to-day reiterate it. Yet with all its carnage and destruction, its unloosing of passion and hatred, its disregard of the usual obligations of mankind and its overthrow of the customary laws that prevail in the normal times of peace, war is not, either in legal theory or in actual practice, a wholly lawless state. It is not anarchy; it is not chaos. It has its rules and its rights. Above the roar of battle there thunder out "Thou Shalt Nots," as loud, as clear and as authoritative as those that were uttered on Sinai. There is a "Thou Shalt Not Kill," a "Thou Shalt Not Steal," a "Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness," in war as well as in peace, although the difference of the conditions makes an act that is a crime in peace a heroism in war, and not infrequently that which is commendable in peace culpable in war.

War is still so generally regarded as a license to kill that it is well to consider the "Thou Shalt Not Kill" of warfare, the limitations upon the force that a belligerent may exercise against his enemy.

The fundamental principle of the modern law of war is:

> *A belligerent may use such a degree of force as is necessary to overcome his enemy and* ABSOLUTELY NO MORE.

He may kill, if necessary to do so in order to overpower; he may not even smite on the cheek if resistance has ceased. He may wound in order to disable, but he must not cause the slightest needless suffering.

On this principle hang all the law and the prophets; all the limitations and restrictions that have been reduced to rules; all

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that will be formulated in the future, until war itself shall be stopped. Humane instincts and chivalrous sentiments have brought about many prohibitions. That which gives them their force is really the fact that they are the consensus of civilized opinion that what is forbidden is not necessary to secure the legitimate ends of war. The appeal to force will cease to be made when mankind has learned that force is not the best means of obtaining that which it desires. That is a lesson that the present world-war, with its enormous losses to all nations, neutral as well as belligerent, is teaching.

This great principle as to the limit of force in warfare, to which I have referred, finds expression in many ways. Only certain classes of persons may lawfully engage in hostilities; certain classes are wholly immune from attack. Various means of waging war are prohibited. Some methods of warfare are under the ban of the law.

It was not always so. Grotius had to admit that the usage of his time (international law as it then existed) made it lawful to use force without limit. He propounded better rules and urged their acceptance. Gradually, in the three centuries that have nearly elapsed since he wrote, his arguments have prevailed. But down until a date within the memory of many of those who read these words the great mass of the law of war rested on nothing more solid than customary usage and general practice. Still a rather feeble reed, it was conspicuously weak until our own time, because the usage was so often not observed, either because of supposed military necessity or from wanton lawlessness, that there was uncertainty as to whether it was in fact universally accepted. Without such acceptance it had no legal effect. No one had formally dictated the rule; no tribunal existed to determine whether it had been violated. There was no method of punishing those who broke it except by summary acts of reprisal by the nation that claimed to have been injured. Reprisals were acts of violence which would themselves have been crimes had they not been lawful and proper punishment. Inasmuch as the nation that was charged with a violation of the usage of war almost always denied that it was guilty of the first offence and complained that the alleged act of punishment

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was the initial wrong, there was contradiction as to facts and resultant confusion as to the law.

In the last half of the last century various Governments issued manuals of warfare for the guidance of their own armies, the first and best being that prepared for the United States, in 1863, by Professor Francis Lieber. During the same period several international conferences, notably those at Geneva in 1864, St. Petersburg in 1868, and Brussels in 1874, considered rules regulating general or special features of war. Finally at The Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, a Convention (No. IV) was adopted, to which was annexed a fairly comprehensive code of Regulations for the Conduct of Land Warfare. With some reservations as to different articles, by various Powers, the Convention was signed by nearly every nation of the world, and by it they agree to "issue instructions to their armies in conformity with the regulations which, however, shall be binding only between contracting parties, and only if all the belligerents are parties to the convention."

Several other Conventions and Declarations signed at The Hague, as well as the Declaration of Paris, made in 1856, and the Declaration of London, of 1909 (not ratified, however, by all the Powers that signed it) contain regulations of war on the sea as well as on the land and also in the heavens that are above the earth and in the waters that are beneath the level of the seas. This written law is not yet complete, but in the case of land warfare it determines the great majority of the questions that arise. Rights and duties are defined, limits are fixed, and quite as important in the history of international relations, The Hague Regulations have taken a step in advance by supplying that which has hitherto been the great defect of International Law—a sanction or penalty for its violation. It is provided that: "A belligerent party which violates the provisions of the said regulations shall, if the case demands, be liable to make compensation. It shall be responsible for all acts committed by persons forming part of its armed forces."

Extensive then is the body of the law of war; numerous are its rules, and explicit are their terms. But when are they applicable and how far? Is there a fundamental implied excep-

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tion to them all? Does the "Thou Shalt Not" which is addressed to the warrior mean "Thou Shalt Not Unless Thou Thinkest Thou Must"? There is a maxim invoked in the courts in times of peace: "Necessity knows no law." May it properly be invoked in war? *Is there a military necessity that knows no law?* Is war really controlled by the Rules of War, or is war, after all, supreme, defiant?

Many, but not all, German writers on international law have asserted that the laws of war lose their binding force in cases of extreme necessity. Certain Belgian and Swiss writers have taken the same view. It is the doctrine that is crystallized in the German proverb,

"Kriegsraeson geht vor Kriegsmanier."
(Necessity in war over-rules the usages of war.)

The international writers of most other nations reject this doctrine, and assert that the rules are binding under all circumstances and conditions except in the case of reprisals for illegal acts of the enemy and except where the rules are framed so as not to apply to cases of self-preservation. Far more important is the declaration of the assembled delegates of the nations of the world at The Hague, that "the wording [of the Regulations] has been inspired by the desire to diminish the evils of war, so far as military necessities permit," and that "it could not be intended by the High Contracting Parties that the cases not provided for should for want of a written provision be left to the arbitrary judgment of military commanders," and that they shall be determined according to "the principles of the law of nations as they result from the usages established between civilized nations, from the laws of humanity, and the requirements of the public conscience."

A reading of these words seems to show clearly that in framing the rules military necessities have been taken into consideration; that the world's opinion as to what is not military necessity and what is therefore absolutely prohibited has here found expression and has become a binding obligation. The nations have declared that law shall control and shall not be over-

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ruled by the arbitrary judgment of military commanders. Corroboration is given to this by article 22 of the Regulations: "*the right of belligerents to adopt means of injuring the enemy is not unlimited.*" Further corroboration appears from the fact that many of the duties imposed by the Regulations and the Conventions are incumbent if military conditions permit or so far as they permit. In all other cases, then, the duties are absolute and imperative. No nation has a right under any circumstances to hold that military necessity releases it from them.

The laws of war are made to be obeyed, not to be set aside at pleasure.

ARMED FORCES AND PRIVATE CITIZENS

The most important distinction in warfare is that between armed forces and private citizens, between the rights and duties of belligerents and non-belligerents. The most important commandment of war is the "Thou Shalt Not Fight" that restrains and protects the civilian.

As late as the eighteenth century the conception of war that prevailed was that every inhabitant of a nation at war with another was personally at war with every man, woman, and child dwelling in the enemy's territory; that whatever was his or her age, sex, condition, or occupation, he or she was subject to be attacked and even to be killed and in turn was authorized to inflict all the injury possible upon any and every enemy person. So far as the exercise of force and violence is concerned the modern idea is that war is a contest between Governments, carried on by certain authorized agencies—either regular armies or masses of men complying with certain conditions and assimilated to armies. Since war is now a governmental and not a private function only the authorized governmental agencies can carry it on. None but persons belonging to the armed forces (armies and assimilated masses) are lawful belligerents. They and they alone are authorized to use force against the enemy. If, in order to overcome him, it becomes necessary that they kill him, they commit no crime by doing so. They in turn are liable to be killed as long as they use force, but if they are disabled or

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cease resistance they cannot be killed for having killed the enemy (unless in violation of the laws of war), for they have done no wrong. They may be taken prisoners, but their lives must be spared. Such are the rights of belligerents.

From the fundamental rule of modern war that only so much force can be used as is necessary to overcome resistance of the enemy, it follows that persons who do not resist, who do not exert force, who refrain wholly from hostilities, cannot be subject to force. As long as they exclusively follow peaceful vocations they may not be assailed or violently molested. This exemption from attack is the great privilege of those who do not belong to the armed forces and, paradoxical though it may seem, they owe it to the maintenance of standing armies by Governments. *The organizations that states create for carrying on war have brought about the greatest mitigation of the horrors of war.*

Persons not a part of the armed forces may join them if they wish, and have all the rights of belligerents and be subjected to their liabilities, but while pretending to be peaceful private citizens they cannot be soldiers. All the exemptions and immunities secured to them are upon the absolute condition that they perform no hostile act whatever. Violations of this condition are punishable with severity. If they kill a soldier of the enemy, it is murder pure and simple. Death is the penalty; procedure may be summary. If they resort to force and then are overcome or offer to surrender, they cannot claim the rights of prisoners. Strict enforcement of the rule is necessary not alone for the safety of the enemy army but also for that of the civilian inhabitants, for if the latter were permitted to conduct hostilities, war would revert to mediæval conditions of indiscriminate slaughter.

Since the difference between the rights and liabilities of those who belong to the armed forces and those who do not is so vital, it is of the greatest importance to determine what constitute armed forces and what masses or bodies are under certain circumstances given the same belligerent rights. This has been a subject of prolonged and passionate discussion at every conference that has given consideration to the rules of land warfare.

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Great states with large standing armies, like Germany, have tried to have belligerent rights limited to those belonging to organized and authorized forces, and have contended that they should be obliged to wear a fixed uniform recognizable at rifle distance, so that in battle soldiers might not be mistaken for civilians, or *vice versâ*. Small states, notably Belgium, unable to afford large armies, have earnestly pleaded for the granting of belligerent rights to the entire population rising up *en masse* either to resist or to expel the invader, whether they have done so at the call of their Government or spontaneously, and whether they have organized or not. Much as one may admire and sympathize with the patriotism that prompts such uprisings, there would be great danger in making such a wholesale concession. It would be difficult to distinguish the peaceful citizen from the one carrying on hostilities, if, indeed, all were not to be assumed to be hostile, and therefore subject to attack, and thus deprived of all the protection that modern laws of war have secured for those not belonging to armed forces. There is danger, too, of frequent violations of the rules of war in such uprisings, due in part to ignorance of the rules; in part to lack of discipline and the absence of authority; in part to the use of improvised implements of warfare that are of unnecessary cruelty.

The Hague Regulations concede belligerent rights to those belonging to armies that fulfil the following conditions: they must be commanded by persons responsible for their subordinates, must wear a distinctive emblem fixed and recognizable *at a distance,* must carry arms openly, must conduct operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war. As to levies *en masse,* the Regulations are a compromise. Only part of the contention of the small nations was allowed: "*The population of a territory which has not been occupied, who, on the approach of the enemy, spontaneously take up arms to resist the invading troops without having had time to organize themselves in accordance with Article I, shall be regarded as belligerents if they carry arms openly and if they respect the laws and customs of war.*"

Thus they may lawfully fight without commanders, without

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uniform or badge of any kind, without having been called out by their Government, *but they must act en masse, not individually; openly and not stealthily, and they can lawfully fight this way only when they are resisting the approach of an invader.* If he enters and occupies the territory of one section of their country, those dwelling in another section may rise up in this manner to stop his further advance. But after any section has been occupied all the civilian inhabitants within it are prohibited from attacking him in order to *expel* him. They must rely then on their armed forces in that or other sections to come to their relief. The populace of Louvain had a perfect right to rise up and fight the Germans before they entered the city. After that they had no right whatever to do so.

TROOPS RECRUITED FROM SAVAGE OR BARBAROUS TRIBES

The usages of war forbid the employment of savage or barbarous troops, although many nations have resorted to it. Our own Declaration of Independence protested against England's course in inciting the merciless Red Indians to attack our frontiers. It is not always easy to tell who are barbarous to-day. The veneer of civilization has been thrown over many races. The test of the propriety of their use in war is: Do they habitually observe the rules of humanity in war? If not their enrolment is a crime against nations. The Moors are still regarded as "barbarians from Barbary." The Turcos, who, if widespread and seemingly well-authenticated reports are true, cut off the heads of those whom they slay and adorn themselves with necklaces made of the noses and ears of their foes, certainly should not be employed. Great Britain's Indian troops are said to be disciplined. Still most persons will indorse the words of Professor Lawrence, one of the leading British writers on international law. Although declaring that Ghurka regiments may lawfully be employed in war against any nation, because they are generally obedient to the orders of their officers, he says: "But it certainly would be humane to reserve them for use against border tribes and in warfare with people of the same degree of civilization as themselves."

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PROTECTION OF NON-COMBATANTS

Popularly, those who do not belong to armies are called non-combatants. Strictly they should be called non-belligerents. There are non-combatants even in armies; they are those persons in them whose duties do not include fighting. Chaplains, surgeons and nurses form one great division of this class. Around them the Geneva Conventions threw special protection. If they devote themselves solely to the spiritual needs of the soldiers and the care of the sick and wounded, they are immune from attack even though they carry arms to defend themselves and those in their charge. Another division includes the army contractors, sutlers, newspaper correspondents, and divers and sundry others, who follow armies and render services to them, but who do not fight. Though liable to be taken prisoners, they are not subject to attack if they really refrain from fighting.

Thou Shalt Not kill the Enemy who is Disabled or who offers to Surrender.

In nothing has international law made such progress as in the rules that it has laid down limiting the violence that may be employed and making unlawful the killing of the disabled foe or the one who wishes to surrender. The right to use force ceases, when resistance to that force ceases. Even in war, except as a punishment for crime, you have no right intentionally to kill any foe who is not both willing and able to kill you. In the rush of assault, the shock of cavalry charge, or other moments of carnage, troops may not have time to stop to take prisoners. It may be necessary for them to press forward, but a declaration that no prisoners will be taken, or the killing of any one unnecessarily, is a heinous violation of law. The manner in which the individual soldier in the heat of battle indicates a willingness to surrender is not fixed by international law but by custom or by the requirement of the opposing force. Anything used as a white flag should be sufficient. Throwing down arms is the significant way. The Boers threw up their hands, a method that should have satisfied an opposing army, since it was always satisfactory even to bandits and highwaymen. In

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the Franco-Prussian War the Germans raised the butt of the needle-gun into the air, but the French insisted they should also fall down on their knees. The Russian soldiers who wished to surrender to their Japanese foes endeavored to embrace them, a rather appropriate indication of a desire to "make up and be friends." Many amusing incidents arose from these attempts of the stalwart and bulky Russian soldiers to hug their diminutive opponents.

Modern international law declares that prisoners "shall be treated humanely." Ordinarily they are not to be kept in close confinement. To kill them after capture would be an outrage. The fact that they may be a burden and an inconvenience does not justify their slaughter. Napoleon put 4,000 prisoners to death at Jaffa under circumstances of extreme danger and necessity. Such an act could never be justified unless there was good reason to believe that the prisoners as soon as released would immediately fall upon their former captors and kill them.

"*It is forbidden to declare that no quarter shall be given.*" So say The Hague Regulations. That is a more modern rule than you would think. The Duke of Wellington said that he understood that the defenders of a fortress taken by storm had no right to quarter, although he, himself, did not as a rule adopt such a cruel practice. A century ago when a feeble garrison stubbornly held out in a feebly fortified place against a force manifestly superior and apparently able to take it eventually, it was usually refused quarter. There was an attempt to justify the refusal by a doctrine of "futile resistance"—that he who uselessly resisted and caused the assaulting or besieging forces unnecessary loss of life did not deserve to have his own life spared. But that doctrine has been rejected. Carried to its logical conclusion it would mean that every member of a weaker force in any kind of armed contest could be killed.

PROHIBITED INSTRUMENTS AND IMPLEMENTS OF WARFARE

The law of war is full of prohibitions as to the means that may be employed. Certain instruments and implements are forbidden in express terms; others fall within the inhibition

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of certain universally accepted principles. The best statement of these is that which was made in the Declaration of St. Petersburg in 1868 which reads:

"Considering that the progress of civilization should have the effect of alleviating as much as possible the calamities of war;

"That the only legitimate object which states should endeavor to accomplish during war is to weaken the military forces of the enemy;

"That for this purpose it is sufficient to disable the greatest possible number of men;

"That this object would be exceeded by the employment of arms which would needlessly aggravate the sufferings of disabled men, or render their death inevitable;

"That the employment of such arms would therefore be contrary to the laws of humanity;

"The Contracting Parties engage mutually to renounce in case of war among themselves, the employment by their military or naval troops of any projectile of a weight below 400 grammes (about fourteen ounces), which is either explosive or charged with fulminating or inflammable substances."

Unfortunately the "progress of civilization" is constantly inventing new and more destructive instruments of war, like torpedoes and submarine mines, which are still permissible because, though they may kill hundreds or thousands at a stroke, they are not considered as inflicting more pain upon the victim than other methods that may result in his death. Great siege guns may be used even against troops in the field, but glass, scrap-iron, stones and similar rubbish cannot be used as ammunition,—not even in default of other ammunition, although this exception was for a long time allowed.

Poison has from time immemorial been considered an unfair and dishonorable means of war. It was expressly prohibited by the Hindu Code of Maru, compiled about 500 B. C. To poison sources of water supply is but a way of administering poison and is unlawful, although you may cut off your enemy's water supply entirely and make him die of thirst. Pollution of waters approximates poisoning them.

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ASPHYXIATING AND DELETERIOUS GASES

At the First Hague Conference a declaration was made and eventually signed by all the nations represented there, except the United States, against the use of projectiles whose sole object is the diffusion of asphyxiating and deleterious gases. The majority of the nations treated this as analogous to the use of poison and as therefore unfair warfare. The fact, too, that if efficacious at all such projectiles would probably render death inevitable influenced some of the delegates. Death thus caused may be as painless as some forms of dentistry, but *the world at large does not believe that gas should be administered in war*. The argument of the United States was that there was not sufficient information about such projectiles to justify action, and that asphyxiation by gas from a projectile was not more cruel than asphyxiation by drowning, and that it was doubtful whether such projectiles should be forbidden as long as the rules of war permitted the use of mines that would blow up a ship and throw hundreds into the sea to be drowned.

From time to time during the present war we have heard marvellous tales about a new French explosive, Turpinite, which gives out a gas that paralyzes the enemy so that instantly he is left stark and stiff in the trenches, rifle in hand, without a mark on his body,—all as the result of the toxic action of this latest discovery in killing. The stories are improbable, but, if true, France would certainly seem to be violating this declaration which she signed.

DUM-DUM

There are other bullets besides explosive ones that have come under the ban of the law. The Third Declaration of the First Hague Conference is an agreement to abstain from the use of bullets which expand or flatten easily in the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope which does not entirely cover the core or is pierced with incisions.

These are usually called Dum-Dum bullets, because first made by the British at their arsenal at Dum-Dum near Cal-

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cutta. Great Britain refused to sign the declaration in 1899, but did so in 1907. The United States has not signed. Generally such bullets are supposed to cause unnecessarily painful wounds. It is rather interesting to-day to read the statement made in the work on International Law written by Mr. F. E. Smith, M. P., for some time head of the British Official Bureau of War Information that gives us our censored news. In his fourth edition, page 139, he says: "*But Lord Lansdowne instructed Lord Pauncefote to inform the Conference that the Chitral campaign of 1895 had demonstrated the insufficiency of a hard envelope for stopping a rush in savage warfare.* On this ground and contending that the Dum-Dum bullets did not inflict unnecessary suffering, the British Government (and with them the United States) refused to sign the Declaration." The reason that the United States did not sign was that it wished a more general prohibition against all bullets inflicting unnecessarily cruel wounds or which did more than put a man *hors de combat.* The British did not use them in the Boer War and complained loudly when, as they alleged, the Boers did make use of them. They are still free to use them against savages if they desire.

PROJECTILES FROM AIRSHIPS

Attempts have been made to write into the law of warfare prohibitions against the launching of projectiles or explosives from balloons and other aerial vessels. At the First Hague Conference most of the nations agreed to prohibit them for five years. At the Second Conference only twenty-seven nations out of forty-five signed the declaration extending the prohibition until the end of the next conference that might be called, and of these only seven ratified it. They were Great Britain (which had a big navy on the sea and at that time a negligible one in the air), the United States (somewhat similarly situated), China, Holland, Bolivia, Salvador, and Hayti. Nicaragua afterwards adhered. With the exception of the first two nations, the list is not very reassuring to a man who is nervous about aerial bombs. *Germany* (*which had given special*

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attention to aerial warfare) did not even sign the declaration. Neither did France (for similar reasons), nor Japan and Russia, her present allies in the war against Germany; nor Italy, not to mention a number of smaller nations.

The general prohibition of The Hague Regulations against the bombardment of undefended towns applies to bombardment from the air as well as from the land, but the difficulty of giving prior notice of a purely aerial bombardment and the extreme difficulty of dropping bombs accurately from a moving air-ship or aeroplane, and the consequent danger to innocent peaceful persons, suggest that there ought to be further limitations as to its use against towns and cities. In a contest with ships of war it seems a proper means, since (hospital ships being duly safeguarded) there is little likelihood of anyone being injured except actual combatants.

PROHIBITED METHODS OF WARFARE

As a rule the warrior may use whatever methods the situation requires. Assault, bombardment, siege, are all permissible offensive operations. Yet there are restrictions. Bombardment, in particular, is subject to limitations. While undefended cities cannot be bombarded either by land or aerial forces, this does not mean merely "unfortified" cities, but cities entrance to which is not prevented. Nor can undefended cities be bombarded by naval forces unless it be to enforce a reasonable requisition for supplies made by the enemy, but not to enforce a money contribution demanded by him. By the usages of war notice of the bombardment ought to be given so that private citizens may seek safety. Generally they are allowed to leave the city. The Germans gave such permission to the French women and children when Strassburg was bombarded in 1870. But when a place is besieged, that is, when the enemy invests it and seeks to cut off its supplies and starve it out, there is no obligation to let any of the inhabitants out, not even women and children. To do so would indirectly be to increase the supplies of the forces that are holding out. The Germans, there-

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fore, were within their rights in 1871 when they refused to let "*useless mouths*" leave Paris, to which they had laid siege. The harshness of the procedure is somewhat mitigated by the fact that starvation and even hunger and extreme privation can be avoided by surrender.

War on the sea is governed by the same fundamental principle as that on land,—the force that is used must not exceed that which is necessary to overcome the enemy. But the conditions of conflict are so different that there is practically a different mass of rules of an even more technical character than those that apply on land.

Pondering on the rules that nations have made to regulate war, even while bearing in mind how much of the world's history is the record of war, it is impossible to refrain from the question:

Why cannot the nations make rules to prevent war?

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PORKY'S CISSY

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

"A MAN as 'ave killed forty pigs a week regular, and weathered through four wives, and buried 'em all with hearses and coaches, knows somethin' worth recordin'."

This remark was addressed to a tall man as he dived from a herring boat just out of the harbor of Trenbath. The speaker shipped his oars and waited for the reappearance of the curly dark head. Suddenly, overlapping arms, accompanied by sighs and splutters, announced the emergence of Sam Bodilly. The two men had rowed out on a hot August night to cool their heads, as Porky declared. Sam had come out to cool his heart. He had a "bitter pain" in it, and yet he was physically sound and without a blemish. The man rowing, Porky, as he was familiarly known, was his father-in-law. He gazed at Sam as he climbed into the boat, looking more like a seal than a man.

"Best drown thyself at oncest, my son, than be mazed by a woman, be she wife or maiden."

The answer was another sudden dive of such long duration that Porky became alarmed. As he caught sight of Sam's head a good distance away, he lifted his pipe and laughed to himself.

"Youngsters need curing, like bacon," he murmured. "Brine be a useful thing all round. I've had a bellyful in my day and salted in porkers, youngsters, and women. Sam be a sucking pig yet, sure enough."

Porky smoked solemnly while Sam dressed, and then began the subject he meant to tackle before he pulled to shore.

"Cissy and thee have been quarrelling," he said. "I know the signs. You're taking it serious."

"Iss, so I be," said Sam.

"Then thee'm a blasted fool!" retorted Porky. "If I'd reckoned with the make of you aforehand, you should not have had my one girl. There was lots after she."

"There is yet," said Sam sullenly.

"One in particular," sniggered Porky.

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"Damn him!" snapped Sam. "She've eyes for no one else when he be about."

"Thy fault," said Porky. "When a married man be gone on a girl, he've got experience behind him as to how to deal with the female constitootion. The game be a game to he and a flip to she. It reminds her of her courting days and that's allus a savor to a woman. You'd best buck up and be a firework or you'll lose she. Chuck the adoring tack and lead her to market for your own uses. There's not a woman born who won't trample on a lover and bend to a husband; the difference between a lover and a husband being the difference between a man having a sugar stick in his hand or a whip handle. The sugar stick having done its work, it had best be thrown away or eaten; the whipcord be more lasting."

"We've been married four months, as you do know, and I'm——" he hesitated.

"Coddlin' her still in honeymoon make-believe," said Porky. "It means disaster. The female constitootion needs a power of things to be done and left undone to undermine the havoc honeymooning do cause. A man in love isn't scarcely responsible and the woman's natural meekness be turned into vainglory. You've got to have eyes back and forth in your headpiece and make your heart like flint to circumvent a woman's grainy ways. You'm in love still. That's the hinderment."

"Of course," said Sam drearily. "Weren't you in love with your wife?"

"Wives," corrected Porky. "What's love, you booby?"

Sam rubbed his dark head vigorously with a towel as he answered:

"To think more of she than myself and have her in thought continual."

"Look 'ere," said Porky irritably, "that sounds like Scripture more nor common sense. Thousands of women and men have been saved, same as Cissy mother's husband was saved—that's me," pointing a sunburnt hand towards his jersey,—"by a grain of knowledge about facts. Pigs, in some ways, be like females. They'm clean, affectionate, obstinate, and given to think breeding be the only thing worth while. I've fixed up

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and fixed down four females, and it was my trade, after the first mishap, that helped me to understand many things. I could teach an army of men what I'm going to teach you if it was worth my while. But it isn't. I'm willing to instruct thee for the sake of Cissy, who've got my blood in her veins, and so I can reckon with what be in her make-up."

"I shan't listen if you talk about women as if they was porkers," said Sam. "It's crazy and beastly."

"It made three of my wives contented, anyway," said Porky. "Only one of the four made me whishe and low and that was Cissy's mother. You know well enough I've had a family of fifteen to feed and I've put by for all of them and I've compassed it through understanding the killing and curing business. Three of my wives brought me ready-made families, and Cissy being the only one of my own, I'm not going to have her life spoilt by a man with the fancies of a madman or a poet chap. If you'd been a butcher like me instead of a gardener it would have been better for you both. Gardening, in my observation of things, often spoils a man for the right sort of wedlock. He be liable to think of his woman as a flower instead of——"

Sam showed his white teeth as he interrupted, "of a pig."

"Listen," cried Porky. "You be a coddling yet. Wait till *you've* had four wives and——"

Sam threw back his head. "Cissy be the only woman as I've ever had leanings towards or kissed," he said solemnly.

Porky threw down his pipe on his coat at his feet, stretched out his long legs and took the oars.

"Poor little woman," he said. "No wonder she do look a bit fearsome and not exactly. It be like giving an apprentice a promising porker to hack to death. You don't suppose Cissy have never kissed a bloke, do you?"

Sam kicked at Porky's feet.

"Husht," he cried. "Not that way, anyhow. She'm as clean as a water lily."

Porky leaned forward.

"Then keep her so, man. I can't warn she so I'm warning thee. You must allus keep a woman in darkness if you want to

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see light. I know she. She'm yours for the taking, but only a master and not a braggart nor yet a mawk can hold her for a lifetime—wife or no wife. You'm fearful and she's getting to know it. There's time yet."

"Dandy be daft on she, and I'm powerless," said Sam. "I see red every time I thinks on it."

"And Dandy's wife sees yeller," said Porky. "There's double danger. Cissy likes power, mind, like a seemly woman should. It's in the build of women to thwart each other, and it dates to the time of Sarah herself for a female to try and show her power over a woman hunter. Dandy was a terrible chap till he married that gypsy and this be his first flare for ten years."

"God!" cried Sam. "The varmint!"

"It's no use looking as if you'd swim to shore and kill him," said Porky. "You've got to hear a bit of my mind first."

"There's no time to be lost," said Sam, shaking himself like a retriever after a swim.

"As much as there was an hour since," said Porky. "The thing now is to profit by all I'm telling you. When a man of Dandy's make and that color of hair bides true to a woman for ten years, look out when he cools. Volcanoes be a trifle compared to him when he'm mazed again. Watch his eyes when Cissy be close by. You can see she can feel 'em inside and outside of her. She's half terrified and half flattered. It's them moments a blackguard catches if the lawful master don't know his job. She'm not responsible if you're not the man to thwart him."

"I'm seein' clearer," said Sam, "but my head be sore wi' thinking. I've only had the headache once before when Bully Billy stole my blackbird and said it was his. I knocked him out of time nearly."

"Fine," cried Porky. "It's a good omen. A man like Dandy can mesmerize a woman same as a cat a robin, and no jury ought to condemn what comes of it, any more than they'd condemn a porker for dying with a knife across its throat."

Sam threw his arms up and crossed his hands at the back of

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his neck. Every muscle in him stiffened, and Porky pulled long strokes as he watched him under seemingly closed eyes.

"I'll tear his guts out if he hurts a hair of her," he shouted.

Porky smiled as he muttered over his oars: "He's out of the posy garden now, thank God, and nearing the slaughter shed."

"Women, mind you," he went on aloud, "scarcely ever be really in love with a man. That's talkey-talkey and bosh! They be in love with love, at the first go off, anyway."

"That's stuff," said Sam. "There are signs."

"A gardener's signs, not a butcher's. A man as puts his soul into a woman's hands, even if they'm cool and seemly strong, had best shelter it with his own fists if he wants to save it."

"That's more what a gardener learns about trailers, roses and honeysuckles," said Sam smiling. "Pigsties and pork saltings be another line altogether."

Porky shipped his oars and the little craft bobbed up and down on the open sea. A large white gull poised over their heads, and with eyes uplifted toward it Porky spoke as if to himself.

"Once," he said, "butchering was as foul to me as gardening be sweet to you. I took up with it as a devil takes up with roasting souls." The gull screamed and floated toward the quay.

Porky pointed to the bird. "Gulls torments me," he went on. "They settled like tokens on the grave of my first missis." He shivered. "It was she made a fool of me and three women later got the change out of the price I paid."

"Cissy's mother?" queried Sam.

"Yes," said Porky. "Cissy was the child born of my madness, for it is a madness to care for a woman beyond what is reasonable. It fell on me like a fever. I stinted nothing. I gave her all without calculating and she made me a byplay among her companions. I was a ninny like you and believed in love and she and God, without stopping to mincemeat them into usable daily food. I soared like a gull and dropped like the stick of a firework rocket. I saw black and red at last and

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brooded. The silliest thing a man can do. He must strike or die. You'll find that out and soon too. I died, mind you, in a manner of speaking, for it's a butcher and not a man as is warning you now. She mocked me and the love sap in me dried up for allus. I didn't know women then or I should have seen that it was the line they use to get men fixed to them for life and death. I kissed where I should have crushed and slunk away instead of fighting. I loved the woman in your sort of whimper dazey manner and she deceived me and herself too. I never knew it fully till she was dead and then, by—" his teeth clenched—" the cowardice of the mongrel who had overcome her in a betwixt and between mood, brought about by my soft sawney feelings! I turned butcher then in more ways than one. Even yet, every pig I kill is a stab at the man whose life I ruined. I tormented him so after she died that I made him believe he was more befooled than I was. The dead can't come back and deny, so he went to Hell to find out facts."

" Which of you did she love? " asked Sam.

" The devil a bit either of us," snapped Porky. " She loved herself, love, and Cissy, but Death claimed her. The child has been as much a curse as a blessing, for she's got her mother's eyes and they seem allus to be full of reproach. I hastened her mother into a decline by my jealousy and madness, and it's as much as I can do to look straight at Cissy. But women 'ave lost their savor for me. I could drive them three abreast if they came my way now and see their puny hearts as bare as a butcher's shop lets you see a sow's innards. I've no usé for more tribulation of the sort you be laying yourself out for, I can tell you."

" If I'd picked the world I could never have found a better and more docile mate than Cissy," said Sam. " She'm saucy and tractable all to oncest. It's only Dandy I'm fearin'."

" Look, young cub," said Porky suddenly. " This I'm telling you is a left-handed make-up. I want to save the kid and make amends to her mother. It's been like gall and bile in my system for years. I'm not only jawing for easement to myself, but to get Cissy safely to port."

" No man can help, seems to me," said Sam, " nor yet no

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woman. A husband and wife atween them might fix things right. A meddler in these things be vermin and destroyer in one."

"If I don't meddle now, you'll lòse she this very night."

"Fur why?" almost whispered Sam.

"There's the Harvest Home in Curnow's barn to-night, as you do know. There's to be a real spree. Dandy be a fine dancer and so be Cissy. It's one of her best show-offs. I told her you'd be out fishing with me and that we'd come on together to save her fittin' tea for you. Don't go home. Give her time to want you. I'll put you up to all the devilry one man can tell another man so that your snare shall catch your rabbit. My Gosh! Sam, your garden won't be no stand-by if you lose Cissy. It's just a hangman you'd have to be. She'm sweet and fair seemly, but she'm woman to the bone and marrow, and like they all be, tigers in petticoats, if you don't minister to their whimsies."

Sam stood up in the boat and swung his hands and arms across his chest, as if it was Christmas instead of August.

"I'll come with you to the Harvest Home to-night," he said drearily. "Thinking allus plays confusion with me; I wasn't reared to it. Flowers and vegetables don't make a man's brain whirl. They make him drowse and dream, like a thing, as well as dig."

"A woman be the unlikeliest thing in all creation to prevent such a state of mind," said Porky. "Heavy, fatted pigs be more likely to lead you to dreams. Even hearing them snore be more soothing to the nerves than a female. Many men have been sent to an asylum or gone into bankruptcy through a rose pink flink of a girl only fit to open fish and boil lobsters."

"I allus understood that a woman's make-up was that of an angel," said Sam.

"How do we know what side twistings there may be in they?" asked Porky. "To read of them they sound harmless enough, but a nearer acquaintance might be the most fearsome of all things."

A cluster of gulls was swooping down near them and the chorus of screams sounded like angelic laughter at the two mor-

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tals who were dogmatizing on things dangerous and incomprehensible.

"Let's pull to shore," said Sam. "Devastation must be frustrated and it's gone six."

"Have six pennord of oysters to-night, mate, and a pint of half mild and half bitter instead of a brew of tea and heavy cake. It's what I allus make use of before funerals, as they generally upsets my liver a bit."

After they had stepped out of the boat and were lurching along the quay, Sam turned to Porky and pulled his sleeve.

"Cissy's mother was one thing. What of they others?"

"Oh! You'm pretty frothy, young man. You'd be knowin' all, would you? If you fail in this 'ere enterprise and lose Cissy, I'll give you the tips for the next cruise."

"Lose Cissie!" cried Sam. "Why! I'd be lost too. I can't think of life nor yet death without she."

Porky suddenly faced Sam and held him by his sleeve. "Mate," he said, "if I didn't see in thee somethin' as reminded me of myself afore I'd got tanned and blistered, I'd not let on to thee what's the biggest secret a man ever falls on about women and love."

"Tell, for mercy's sake!" cried Sam. "I sweats yet whenever I thinks of Cissy and fear and confusion be already giving me a sick stomach."

They paced along slowly and Porky spoke almost shyly.

"In all we men," he said, "there be a child within as can't or won't die. It's as natural to a man to want to be cradled by the woman as he loves best as it is for the baby at the breast to crave for milk. If a woman finds it out and knows how to treat it the man can't stray, but we hides it like sin. It's only a youngster, like thee, who blurts it out to the woman he first hugs and stakes his life on. That's not the way to get the ministering part of it through." Porky nearly knocked Sam over with the blow in the ribs he gave him. "From man to man let me warn thee. Let her catch that secret unawares or else stay five years afore you tell her. Let the kids have the big go first."

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"Sakes!" cried Sam, almost blushing, "this accounts for lots of things surging in me at times."

Porky spat on the ground.

"I told you when a woman be weakest for a blackguard to win she. It's when the infant in a man be the strongest that any woman can walk in roughshod, even over mothers and lawful wives, and turn a man's nature into a tabernacle or into a pigsty. If the right woman misses, the wrong one can easily win. It's the cause of half the disasters in wedlock."

"Wives should be taught these things, like the catechism," said Sam.

"Iss!" answered Porky, "but teaching be one thing and learning be another. It's seemly a law of life, my son, that the best in us be oftentimes dead and buried because of hinderment in the understanding of the female."

"Marriage seemly be more difficult than navigation," said Sam ruefully.

"There's nothin' to equal it," said Porky. "It looks as easy as the alphabet, but come closer to it, it's all double syllables. I've told you one secret about it. Now, here's another."

"Oh! Gosh!" cried Sam. "Easy does it. My head be spinning like a top now."

"It 'ud spin worse if Cissy fooled you, young man. Mind! there's not only the kid in a man but somethin' of the woman as well. That's as native as the other. Few females have ever reckoned with that in their mate, for a strapping man hides it with brag and bluster. But it's there in the bravest dogs I know, though they be as ashamed of it as smallpox. Women won't reckon with it 'cause, in a manner of speakin', it's a mirror of themselves and they want us to defend they from their own make-up."

Sam made a halt and hit his head with his knuckles before he spoke. Then he broke out rapidly:

"If your girl really cares she'd surely grudge you keeping anything from her, least of all a piece of yourself, whatever your feelings was. Marriage be a surrender of all that's best and worst, surely."

Porky slapped Sam on the back.

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"Be warned in time. Shout out to the sky or stamp on the earth, but never let a woman into that secret I've just telled you till you've boarded and bedded her for nigh on ten years. By that time she'll have found out the man in herself to mate with the woman in thee. Otherwise you'd best hang yourself first as last."

"You give me the crawls," said Sam. "Whichever way a married man turns, according to you, there's pitfalls and pain. Surely love be more than festering sores and tribulations."

"If you take it serious, it's devastation. Anyway, it's either a thorough understanding or a disaster. There's no betwixt and between."

"If I lose Cissy I'm gone in entirely," said Sam. "She'm just meat and drink and more to me."

"O Lord!" cried Porky. "You make me feel tame and sulky. Ain't a gardener concerned with weeds and manure and rooties as well as flowers? There's surely a pleasure to you, ain't there, in digging potatoes and planting out leeks? There's savors and savors, mind. I'm not saying you can't get nothin' out of life, but I'm just warnin' of you that you can't put the bloom back on the peach if you've once rubbed it off. It's the blossom and bloom and the peach too as I want for Cissy and you, seeing as I lost both for her mother and me."

"Seemly," said Sam, "the first year of marriage be a tremenjous hit or miss?"

"Iss!" said Porky. "You've to reckon allus with busybodies and you've to find out what be depths and what shallows in yourselves. I've buried four, so I'm no 'prentice. I keep one feline thing to revive my memories and cheer me o' nights, but she can't talk. One as could jaw instead of purr would lay me out as a corpse in a fortnight." He walked on quickly. "Let's buy the oysters at wholesale price and I'll run in and fetch a mug for the half and half."

Porky and Sam were late in entering the barn where the Harvest Home was held. The dancing was in full progress; the walls were festooned with ivy and dahlias. Tame Tiger, as the village crier was called, was turning an organ, and to the

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tunes of the " Merry Widow " waltz the lads and lassies were whirling " as for dear life," as Sam expressed it. The two men soon caught sight of Cissy and Sam's face changed as he saw her dancing with Dandy. The girl's color was high and her mouth a little open as Dandy almost lifted her off her feet. Dandy's large, sunburnt hand was planted in the middle of Cissy's back, with the fingers wide open.

" Spawn," hissed Sam.

Porky's answer was to kick his son-in-law on the ankle-joint to remind him of advice but lately given. Sam twisted round and caught the eye of Rosie Ash, Widow Stagg's " uplong " maid-servant.

" Dance with us," he gasped, and before Rosie had time to answer they whirled off, Sam holding her so tightly that she began to wonder if she could keep herself from screaming. Porky sauntered over to Tame Tiger and whispered that a pint of cider and a twist of tobacco would be his if the " Merry Widow " went on till he gave the signal to stop. Couple after couple dropped off at last, and only Dandy and Cissy and Sam and Rosie Ash were left.

" You shan't sit down, if I carry you all the time," said Dandy, as Cissy began to breathe quickly with fatigue. " Sam don't mind. Look at him! He's fair lolling his head on that maid's hair. He's that droopy and faint-hearted in the spirit he don't even notice we two, though he's close on us all the time. He were allus chicken-livered over girls and sport. No man nor yet no maid have ever fired him. If I was to kiss you now he'd take it sitting."

Cissy looked hurriedly into the bright eyes before her and then shyly glanced at her husband. He certainly seemed oblivious of her and intent on the girl he was dragging along close after the pair in front. Several couples stood up again and began to dance. Porky suddenly joined in with Mrs. Oliver who, with her eldest son, kept the " Lamb and Flag " Inn.

" She'll be his fifth, my Gosh," whispered a sailor to Tom Olds, the village blacksmith.

" Men be born hunters and women be reared fools," was

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the answer, "and the more danger the more they runs towards it."

Suddenly, as if an earthquake had come, screams were heard. Men and women surged towards Sam and Dandy, who were fighting. At a signal from Porky, Tame Tiger suddenly stopped playing in the middle of a bar and nothing could be heard but the pounding of fists.

"Damn you!" yelled Dandy. "I did she no hurt. What's a kiss?"

"The whole world," hissed Sam. "You be a thief and a truant out of Hell."

"A kiss can be anything or everything, sure enough," whispered Mrs. Oliver to Porky, who was watching the fight with delight. He turned for a second and stooped over the widow.

"It's everything in this throw," said Porky, "and five be a wonderful lucky number you know, so there's no telling the future."

Cissy suddenly rushed up close to her husband, terror having given place to amazement. She pulled his arm. "It was the first time and he meant no harm."

"And the last!" yelled Sam. "To Hell with him, I say, and you go home and wash your mouth."

Cissy's face puckered, for he had never even turned to look at her.

"Father!" she cried, whimpering, "Sam be gone clean mad. He'd never hurt a worm and see this 'ere."

"Death'll settle one of 'em," Porky answered slowly. "Go it, mates." He pushed Cissy and Mrs. Oliver aside. "It's no sight for females, but a man dearly loves to watch this 'ere. It's not the first blood spilt for a woman. Sam be a savage like the rest of us. Go it, mate, and finish the job." Then turning to the horrified group, he added: "I commend him and all like him."

Dandy fell in a heap and Cissy stepped forward toward Sam.

"You'd save a mad dog," she said. "Save him. I never kissed back. I'm thine."

He heard but never turned, though his face softened.

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"Get up, pasty face!" he said, as he wiped the blood from his hands on to his handkerchief. "You'd best clear out from hereabouts. Our maidens and wives be sweet as posies and fresh as lavender."

Cissy had grown very pale as she looked at Sam. Her father was filling his pipe and Dandy had slowly risen.

"Father," said Cissy, "take my part. It came like forked lightning on me."

Sam looked at Porky for his signal. Porky smiled and lighted his pipe and then watched Dandy making his way to the door. Cissy looked once more at her husband.

"To let him go be like we women belong to do," said Cissy. "Thank you, husband."

Sam turned toward Porky.

"Gosh!" said Porky below his breath, "they'm bewitcht. She's fell right on one of the secrets, but she don't rightly know it herself."

At a signal from Porky, Tame Tiger struck up the "Blue Danube."

"I'm tired like a child," said Sam. Cissy fell into his arms and as they whirled off in the dance she whispered in his ear as his head was bent over her. The fight had subdued Sam and the wistfulness had come back to his face. "Thee art my ge'at strong man and my baby too: I've just reckoned that up as you fought Dandy." Porky wondered what his daughter had said to bring all the tenderness and light back in Sam's eyes. He suddenly saw Cissy whirled off her feet and as she laughed she caught Sam's dark curls at the back of his head.

"Sam be grown taller seemly and she looks as sleek and meek as a clover fed heifer," said the widow to Porky.

Porky's face was a puzzle to Mrs. Oliver.

"There be ways and ways in these things," he said gently. "To some, love comes like forked lightning, to some like a low fever, and to some only through habit."

They looked at one another. He linked her arm in his, and they walked round the barn.

"I'm giving up butchering," said Porky.

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"And I'm retiring from the public line for Matthew," she said.

"I'm a parsil of longings," said Porky. "Four wives buried and my daughter married be a savorless life."

"A cat can be only a morsel of comfort," said Mrs. Oliver demurely, "and no stand by in sickness or death."

Porky suddenly crossed the room and slapped Tame Tiger on the shoulder.

"Neighbors," he shouted, "we'll have Sir Roger now, though it's more seemly for Christmas than harvest time. There's been a bit of blood shed to-night, but that's done no hurt except to the spirit of a man who tried to steal what couldn't be his for the asking. The sight of the fight warmed me like a bit of sunshine on a winter's day. A widower's life ain't worthy of a citizen. Butchering 'ave given me the dyspepsy, the doctor says, and there's but one remedy. Me and Mrs. Oliver will lead the dance and after it there'll be free drinks all round."

DELIRIUM

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

THE beaten brain, within whose precincts brew
Potions of unknown excellence, is led
Where only odd imaginings are bred,
And only alien stateliness will do,—
For that fantastic faces, strange, are true,
And answerless as anguish in old eyes,—
And peering past the puzzle of the skies,
Can see through blue aloofness into blue,
Bridging the still abysm with a dream,
Dearer for that 'tis builded on a guess
At what star-window stands Forgetfulness,
Beside what jewelled dim lagoon, where seem
All sundered sunsets touched with sunrise-fire,
Special as death, diviner than desire!

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OUR PRUDISH CENSORSHIP

THEODORE SCHROEDER

I DENY your right and the State's right, even under the pretence of "obscenity," to censor the literature, art or theatres available for my enlightenment or amusement. I deny that the suppression of so-called "obscene" literature has contributed anything to ethical advance. I go farther and deny that "obscenity" is ever a quality of a book, picture, or exhibition and on the contrary affirm that all "obscenity" all the time is exclusively a contribution of the viewing and reading mind. You are a little impatient with me for asserting such "monstrous" propositions? Very well! Just for once suppress your wrath instead of my thought and try to keep an open mind while I briefly suggest the reasoning which convinced me. I admit that now I consider myself wiser than when I thought as perhaps you think at present, and I regret that space limits and the censorship which I attack will not permit a complete statement of my reasons for the change. However, I can suggest a few things which may stimulate you to further inquiry.

Let me discuss the last question first. I affirm that "obscenity," like witches, will cease to exist for you, when you cease to believe in it. Think it over a little. One proof lies in the fact that no man or court ever has been able to make a generally acceptable or generally applicable definition of "obscenity" *in terms of book-qualities,* and many persons, at least as decent as our moralists for revenue, are unable to see "obscenity" where the latter are quite overwhelmed by it. If it had any existence outside the mere mind and feelings of the obscenity-seeing humans, then the standard of "obscenity" would be uniform. But it is not.

Elsewhere I have undertaken to prove all this, but in a manner too technical for a popular periodical. However, I believe I can make my meaning plain by a single illustration. Mr. Comstock says that in doing his work of suppression he has stood "at the mouth of a sewer" for forty years. Mr. Comstock admits that his mind is still "pure," which proves that mental

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sewage is harmless for some of us, at least when persistently taken for a long time, in very large doses. This suggests that the remedy against the alleged evils of "obscenity" is more "obscenity" until, by making sex as commonplace as noses, its representation will be equally void of stimulating qualities and all of us will have become as immune against "evil" results as our wild animals, and Mr. Comstock.

It is true beyond doubt that by his most conspicuous activities, he has fixed, in the minds of millions of people, an indissoluble association between mental sewage and the name Anthony Comstock.

Test of "Obscenity" Applied

Thus, the "Comstock Law" has become a synonym for the "obscenity law," and "Comstockery" is an Americanism for our whole system of sex-censorship, at once suggesting to our minds all that which we think is thereby suppressed.

So zealous and unceasing has been his work and so well advertised is its nature that one cannot think of the great suppressor without thinking also of that which he suppresses. That is to say, from the storehouse of our memory the mere words "Anthony Comstock" immediately bring to our consciousness all those impure and libidinous thoughts which we imagine he is trying to exclude from the minds of others and which we are ashamed to confess in ourselves.

The usual judicial test by which a word, book, picture or play is judged "obscene" is "*if it would have a tendency to suggest impure and libidinous thoughts in the minds of those open to the influence of such thoughts and thus deprave and corrupt their morals.* This is the test by which our courts send men to prison cells. Bear that in mind while I make a new application of that standard.

Already I have shown, quite beyond a reasonable doubt, that the mere words "Anthony Comstock" suggest a greater variety of "impure and libidinous thoughts" than probably any other two words of the English language. It follows conclusively, *according to the judicial test,* that the mere words "Anthony

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Comstock" should be adjudged the most "obscene" words in the English language. I insist that this is no mere quip of levity but a literal application of the judicial test by which men are being condemned to penal servitude. If the laws were uniformly enforced the mailing of these words would entitle the publisher to five years in jail and a fine of Five Thousand Dollars ($5,000) besides. But, of course, such laws are never intended to be uniformly enforced. They are useful to our savage instinct for revenge when we are in need of a righteous pretence for inflicting pain upon those whom we dislike or fear, for other reasons.

It is obvious in this case that the "obscenity" is not in the words "Anthony Comstock," but rests wholly in the associated ideas and feelings which are attached to these words—*in our own mind.* So it is in every other case of "obscenity." It always exists exclusively in the minds of those who see it because they believe in it, and no one should be punished on the theory that it exists in a name, a picture, a book or a play.

On Indecent Shows

When I have talked like this about the obscene superstition being founded wholly in the feelings of those who believe in it, some one is sure to suggest that I must be a "Christian Scientist" as to my disbelief in "obscenity," and then ask me some such question as this: "Would you take the women you most esteem to a theatre exhibiting absolutely nude dancers, and if not, why not?" I see no reason in the nature of such exhibitions to deter me from taking any normal woman there who for any reason whatever desired to go. I will add that in my judgment such a desire in itself would be nothing to her discredit. Such a woman would already have seen herself and some other human quite naked and without injury to anyone. She would receive no more harm from such an exhibition merely because now the naked human was upon a stage some distance removed.

If I hesitated at all about taking such a woman to such a performance, it would not be on account of the character of the exhibition, but on account of the character of the audience. If

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there were to be any professing "pure" people in the audience, such people as believe or pretend to believe the puritan lie that nudity and lewdity are inseparable, these would probably be compelled to act in accord with their puritan beliefs and, therefore, would invade others with their sniggering and blushing vulgarity, or something worse. I might fear the unpleasant possibilities of associating with "purists" under circumstances so trying to their assumed character. Long suppression of their real nature and its hypocritical concealment might produce a very unpleasant outbreak in which the real abnormity of their "pure" nature would reveal itself unpleasantly to those who did not care to see or to study it. I would not in the least fear any ill effect from the exhibition itself, nor from the healthy minded and educated sensualists of the audience. I speak from a little experimental knowledge, as well as some considerable acquaintance with sexual psychology.

Just in proportion to our physical lewdness are we sensitive to lewd suggestions. There is no need to be ashamed of the fact that we all have some of it in us, only let us keep ourselves healthy minded—and honest about it. Just to the extent that our lewdness becomes unhealthy, that is, abnormal in its intensity and in its power over us, just to that extent we increase the number and the remoteness of the objects which in our minds are associated with lewdness and which therefore will suggest lewdness to us.

In the psychologic laboratories this law is applied under the name of association-tests. Let me illustrate. A group of people contemplating a nude figure would have many varieties of related images coming to their mind, each according to a special psychologic imperative, manifesting the dominant thought of the observer. The true artist would think first of a beauty of curves, of symmetry and of coloring; the athlete would think first of proportion and muscular development; the biologist would probably have suggested to his mind the relation of the human organs to the corresponding parts in lower forms of life, while from such a nude figure "pure" people would get mainly the idea of lewdness, *for unto the lewd all is lewd.*

The more lewd people are, the more vivid will be their

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imaginative lewdness and the more lewdness will they read into that which they see. If conscious and ashamed of their condition, then the more deeply will they be "shocked" by the fear that others will discover that lewdness in their "pure" minds, of which they have become conscious through the process of projecting it into the thing viewed. Therefore, the most lewd people often feel the greatest compulsion toward concealing their true nature behind a prudishness which is intense in proportion as the lewdness is great which it is constructed to conceal. Therefore, we measure the lewdness of prudes by the strength of the urge which impels to the defence of their "purity." Lewd "pure" persons usually evince great capacity for discovering lewdness where more normal people are unable to find it, and foolishly think to conceal, rather than measure their own condition, by the vehemence of their denunciation of it—in others. Thus the psychology of hysteria has given us proof that the greatest salacity is always to be found as the source of the greatest prudery. Of course, here I always refer to that prudery which is genuine and not such as is the mere fear-inspired imitation of others.

Shame No Virtue

This brings me to the frequent assertion that in the "instinct" of shame humanity must find its chief preservative of virtue. I deny it. Modesty in the ordinary sense of capacity for sex-shame, is no virtue at all, nor the protector of virtue. It is only conscious weakness or cowardice; that is excessive lewdness or hypocrisy, and probably a mingling of both. That person who knows only shame as a motive for continence is the easiest victim of seduction, because such need only be fooled by a sufficient assurance of secrecy to yield to temptation. Furthermore, such persons will be abnormally sensitive to temptation just to the same degree that they are abnormally sensitive to shame.

Those whose virtue is shameless but grounded in a knowledge of the whole simple truth cannot be fooled into immorality under any circumstances, because *they know* what is harmful and an

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enlightened self-interest will protect them against injuring self or society. Neither can they be reasoned into immorality because we have postulated that they *really* know the truth, and having that, correct reason and true ethics are inseparable.

Morals and Ignorance

So we come to the problem of morals and ignorance. The prevalent theory is that you cannot teach any kind of sex ethics without making contrasts with immorality, the suggestion of which, some people say, is "far worse and more seductive than is the placing of the originals in all their abhorrent, disgusting, clammy, physical details before the blood and flesh eyes and reach." Some go as far as to apply this logic to the Catholic confessional, where the father confessor seeks to lay bare unreservedly not only all the sin, but also all the causes and inducements to sin. The claim is made that by the questions which probe to the very bottom, he often suggests vices not yet dreamed of. This, it is urged, is very pernicious.

Those who advocate such notions falsely assume that if no sexual knowledge is imparted by a relatively intelligent instructor, then sensual ideas will never come into the mind of a child. Of course, this is absurd. So, then, the only question is whether it is dangerous and immoral to supplement the information acquired from a servant or on the street, or to anticipate it with greater intelligence accompanied by better motives. Thus stated there can be but one answer to the question, and even the prying questions of the confessional will be found on the whole to have a wholesome effect.

For every person kept from prostitution by sex ignorance, I believe that ten have been forced to it more or less directly through that same ignorance, and the superstitious intolerance of friends and parents toward the girl who is known to have violated sex conventions. How sad is the moral state produced by our puritanic training if ignorance of sex is the chief guardian of religious virtue! The problem of prostitution will never be solved by hysterical vituperation. We should help its solution by withdrawing our sex-censorship, and thus allowing all people

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to know those facts of the physiology and psychology of sex, the ignorance of which makes a failure of so many marriages, and which thereby creates much of the demand for the "social evil."

I concede that dogmatic asceticism might be discredited by thorough sex-education. Between the dogmatic morals of ascetic theologians and ethical science I see the same irrepressible conflict which the hosts of ignorance and mystery have always waged against the army of progress. It is to be expected, therefore, that our moralists for revenue will defend their job with the weapons of desperation, chief among which is our censorship.

Health and Morals

A normal person having been taught what constitutes a healthy sex-life, psychologically as well as physiologically, and being allowed to live in accordance with that knowledge, will never become either dangerous or degenerate merely by learning a little more. And for the rest the remedy lies not in maintaining the ignorance of all but rather in increasing intelligence so that even parents will know how to avoid the birth and development of defectives. In other words, in the realm of sex, as everywhere else, immunity from evil must be sought in the spread of scientific truth, all the truth that is known, and by fearlessly seeking for truths yet unknown.

False Sex-Hygiene

This brings me to a consideration of what is now miscalled sex-hygiene. Much of this I suspect to be conscious fraud or stupid imitation, both thriving on prudish ignorance. To use blind fear of hell-fire or of venereal disease as a means of frightening people into asceticism and its attendant vices, is not sex-hygiene. Neither will I concede that conformity through such unintelligent fear is morals. If the alleged eugenists honestly and intelligently desired to promote health, they would spread available information as to medical protection against such contagion and as to the treatment and cure of these diseases. Instead some purists denounce such information and in some States they have succeeded in penalizing it, upon the theory that such

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intelligence tends to make " vice " safe, and therefore promotes immorality. At the bar of an intelligent ethics these will some day be called upon to explain why any conduct should be called vicious or immoral which has been made perfectly harmless. We must not steal the livery of eugenics to serve the devil—asceticism.

Race Suicide and Eugenics

If these pretending eugenists were in earnest and combined intelligence with honesty, they would make some real effort toward opening the way for educating people how to avoid unwelcome children, especially in the homes of defectives and poverty-stricken parents. Those outrageous laws which make it a crime, even for a physician by post, orally or otherwise, to inform even mature or married people how to avoid conception would soon be repealed if our eugenic babblers had any real interest in race betterment. So long as these look upon the birth of defective children as the work of God, and all voluntary sterilization of marriage as the work of the devil and criminal, so long their interest in eugenics will be the damnation of the movement. It is precisely in such cases and in the matter of medical prophylaxis against venereal infection, that theologic dogmas and ethical science come into most violent conflict.

Out in Colorado is a case illustrating the point. A female spy of the post office department wrote to a physician for information as to means of preventing conception. She made a eugenic plea, telling a story of a husband discharged from an asylum, defective children already born and a desire to avoid others. The desired information was sent by mail. The spy changed her name and location, wrote a similar appealing letter and received the same information. That doctor is now serving a ten year sentence in a federal prison—five years for each of these letters. What would sincere eugenists do to such a law? What are our present " eugenists " doing about it?

Dogmatic Morals versus Ethics

All this suggests the important conflict arising from diversity in the criteria of morality. Some will tell you that the only

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standard is "a norm of action prescribed by a personal God," and then disagree with their fellow Christians as to what the personal God has prescribed as a "norm of action." Here those various religious sects, such as Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, Mormons, Shakers, Bible Communists, etc., etc., come into most violent conflict. Those who do not receive confidential and personal communications direct from God and cannot accept them at second hand, are a little perplexed and necessarily must use their reason to determine by non-religious standards which of the religious codes is best. For the want of personal revelation such persons must reason from experience and so must make their ethical judgments of conduct depend wholly upon the presence or absence of actual and material injury to others. So the dogmatic morals of ascetic theology, together with the more frankly avowed sensualism of others, must both submit to the check and justification of the cold logic machine, or be abolished by those striving for a rational judgment by scientific methods.

Furthermore, about sixty per cent. of our population are unchurched and take little or no stock in anybody's claim to a divine revelation defining the "norm of action." Are such persons to be left without any moral standard, simply because they cannot be frightened by hell-fire, or distorted statistics of disease, or because they take just as little stock in the prevailing moral sentimentalism? I insist that a genuine interest in race betterment requires that to these unchurched ones be conceded the right and the opportunity to apply the general standards of ethical science to their personal problem of sex. This they cannot do without having full knowledge of *all* the known facts; that is, as to causes, alternatives, consequences and the scientific control of consequences. But this is exactly what one may not know under our present outrageous censorship. For example, Professor Malchow of Hamlin College was given two years in jail for selling to laymen, who are just plain American Sovereigns, a serious high class book on "The Sexual Life" which had the indorsement of clergymen and the local leaders of the medical profession. It is in innumerable such ways as this that our moralists for revenue, operating under the pretence of suppressing "obscenity," are exhibiting their own naked minds and to

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the uttermost of their ignorance and malice are promoting real immorality.

In the present state of ignorance and uncertainty as to ethics and sexual psychology, our mental mechanism is too diversified, complex and obscure to enable anyone to predict with certainty the general "moral tendency" of any piece of literature or art. That which produces "good" effects upon some minds will produce "bad" effects upon other minds, according to what is already there. That which some thoughtful persons consider harmless and wholesome joy, others consider "highly immoral." In some minds the "best" books, by their distorted perspective and glaring omissions, suggest very much evil, while to other minds the "worst" books suggest very much that is humanizing and educating. Therefore no one is good enough to strike a balance for society as a whole on a book's "moral tendency" considered as a whole. The only alternative is that the destiny of our intellectual and moral progress shall be left to the whim, caprice, or superstition of an ignoramus, and this is insufferable except for other like ignoramuses.

The less we know of the complexity of the psychic and emotional factors of the problem, the simpler its solution will appear to us, until we reach that ultimate assurance of moralists for revenue. Their very eagerness to be our censors shows ignorance of the responsibility, the difficulty and the delicacy of the task; and thus proves their unfitness for it. By the widest intellectual freedom it is possible that in time humans will know their own mental powers and operation well enough to decide, almost without error, what intellectual stimulation does good to themselves, and thus act wisely as their own censors. Since the dawn of history and science humanity has never tried complete intellectual freedom. Therefore it may be a little too utopian to believe that any of us will ever approximate to the wisdom for intelligent self-censorship. But until we have evolved through and far beyond that stage it is sheer impudence to pretend competence as censors for our peers.

Psychologic Factors of Sex

Contagious sexual diseases are a terrible blight even without the prevalent puritan exaggeration. But bad as these are, in my

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judgment they are almost trifling compared with the anguish that is produced through ignorance of sexual psychology. "Pure" people, who do not know the nature of their affliction, often are the victims of this ignorance and in turn impose it upon others. They ignore the mental and emotional factors of sex and create a needless and painful havoc.

They think to promote race culture by making marriage difficult and succeed only in increasing the number of "illegitimate" children, the candidates for prostitution and for nervous diseases; they attempt to make divorces more difficult and succeed largely in popularizing adultery and blackmail and increasing the demand for prostitutes; they desire to make "vice" unsafe and prolong unnecessarily eradicable diseases and in addition thereto create new ones; they think to improve morality through sex separation and they succeed only in increasing sex inversion; they denounce the normal sex life and thereby increase the sexual psycho-paths. They attempt to prevent the deliberate limitation of offspring and they multiply chiefly paupers and degenerates. In short, from ignorance they use fear and force to impose anti-natural "morals" and so create physical and mental as well as moral wrecks, where the widest intelligence freely imparted would remedy all the real ills of which they complain as well as preclude those ills which they create, quite unintentionally.

Here I am compelled to rest my case on dogma, because our puritan masters would put the editors in jail if on this subject they published the whole simple truth, to just plain American citizens who are denied the right to know the most potent facts by the laws which keep the multitude in ignorance and keep our moralists for revenue in office. Thus the dogmatic moralists use legalized violence to suppress conclusions and ideals which they do not understand and the supporting argument which they cannot answer.

The Remedy

There may be such persons as would seek wealth by appealing to that morbid curiosity which is fostered by our censorship through its suppression of the natural and healthy curiosity. Many so-called "purity books" now published have no excuse

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for their existence, other than that they appeal to this morbidity. If the legitimate curiosity about sex were adequately satisfied in the home and schools, these false and foolish books would have no market. The same can be said of the more frankly pornographic literature, which would come into temporary existence if all the bars were lowered. Mental freedom will bring its own remedy for its own temporary evils, just as our censorship by increasing the morbidity seemingly increases the necessity for its own baneful existence. Never before has it been possible even to approximate adequate sexual education because our prudishness has greatly retarded the growth of sexual sciences.

Those who are so far diseased that any book or picture could stimulate them to ruin, are already too long neglected to be saved merely by withholding that stimulant. A little excitement now and then is utterly harmless for the healthy bodied and the healthy minded. If injury seems to follow stimulation the fault is not with the stimulant, but with the puritanism which imposed ignorance and unnatural living and thereby created most of the morbidity upon which the injurious result depends. The remedy is education and freedom for all healthy ones, and perhaps isolation and treatment for the remainder.

If we would prevent such evils, then our sex education should begin with children the day after they are born, and should be of such a character as forever to preclude sex-shame. Above all else let us endeavor to prolong the unprudish pure-mindedness and open-mindedness of childhood as a basis for a sane and rational morality. After that the only sure and lasting remedy for any of the ills of ignorance is more knowledge, and this can only be had if first we get more mental freedom for the knowing of evil as well as of good. It is necessary to permit a knowledge of the evil, not only that we may the better understand and avoid it, but also because no one is either wise enough or good enough to select and control the mental food of his peers. It is impossible to draw an exact line by which to control our censors, and without that tyranny and oppression must prevail and much that is really wholesome and wise is suppressed with the rest. Let it not be forgotten that even "pestilential literature" carries its useful lesson for those who have eyes to see.

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In the course of this conflict between moral dogma and ethics some will mistake a little knowledge for the whole truth and as in every other field of human endeavor these will have to pay the price of their error, just as now many are paying heavy penalties for the misinformation being handed out by those who think ignorance excuses falsehood in the interest of dogmatic sex morals. Again the obvious remedy is more knowledge and less censorship.

Always the cure for the sorrows of misinformation and half knowledge is more information. In every field of human progress we must go through the stages of ignorance, superstition, dogma, error and half knowledge, in order to arrive at the whole truth. Here, as everywhere, it is a question of the survival of the fittest. In the long run, that means the survival of those whose ethical code is founded on the largest and most accurate knowledge of the conditions of wholesome living, as these are revealed by advancing science.

Let us then annihilate this outrageous censorship, as our American constitutions were designed to do, and thus give everybody a chance to know all that is to be known, even upon the subject of sex; let truth grapple with error in a free and open field and in so far as we have the truth we shall prevail, and where we have it not, that fact and the remedy will be the sooner discovered through freedom for the interchange of *all* ideas, even those about sex morals, sex hygiene, eugenics and the physiology and psychology of sex, yes, even for the " worst " of such I demand this freedom for myself and for every other human, as a natural and constitutionally guaranteed right.

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THE BOWERY

WALTER STOREY

THE city seems to call to me.

Calls and arouses curious questions,—but never answers.

I wander in a vague, uncertain way along the streets—seeking, seeking something I cannot seem to grasp.

I walk along the Bowery; it is very late,—the East Side floods and eddies around me.

A drunken man is being dragged along the pavement by two policemen; one officer has just cowed his prisoner by a brutish blow on his jaw. A dowdy girl of the streets passes slowly by and offers herself to me. A gay party of young men and girls jostle their way through the crowd.

Far down the street an illuminated sign of a rescue mission blazes forth, and near by in the shadow a straggling group is forming the midnight bread-line.

Ragged and broken men drift by, hands deep in pockets, and collars turned up for warmth. Now and then a bedraggled woman comes into view. One is stumbling drunk.

The brilliant and alluring light from the saloons, moving picture theatres and numberless cheap shows, flares across the sidewalk, and garish music deadened only by the intermittent roar of the elevated trains, fills the air with an insistent sound.

And against the cheap glare of this light and sound passes an interminable line of almost grotesque silhouettes, the crowd of the streets.

The city calls to me to-night. Calls and questions.—But what fantastic answers!

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THE PATERNALISM OF PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS

C. S. DUNCAN

LEGISLATIVE ideas are contagious. They spread from State legislature to State legislature with the most astonishing rapidity. Their movement is always most rapid from the east to the west, for the conservative east tries to vaccinate itself against the radicalism and experimentalism of the west, but the west is eagerly willing to try out new schemes. It is not to be greatly wondered at, therefore, that, after New York created its two public service commissions in 1906, Wisconsin extended the powers of its railroad commission to cover all the public utilities in the State in the following year. Since then the commission idea, like rumor in a village community, has run from lip to lip of legislators. During the first nine months of 1913 there were nine States that created public service commissions. They now exist in more than twenty-four of our commonwealths.

But the commission idea is no transient fad, like a new fashion, no "idle dream of a summer's day." Its opponents as well as its advocates believe it will be thoroughly tested as a public policy. "It must be admitted," says Mr. T. N. Vail, "that regulation and control by commission has become a permanent feature of our economic policy, particularly as to utilities." Mr. Baldwin reluctantly admits "that supervision of this kind has come to stay." These opinions are merely conjectural, to be sure, yet none the less are they significant in illustrating the general attitude. If, then, the commission plan is believed to be a permanent public policy, if the public service commissions are to be with us always, it is well worth while to make inquiry into their powers and their problems in order to see where we are in this matter.

The public service commissions are to have supervisory control over all public service, or public utility, corporations. The State has been generally accepted, though not without controversy, as the proper political unit upon which to base this super-

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vision. St. Louis, for instance, has her municipal commission. But there are now more than twenty-four State commissions with regulatory powers over all corporations that serve the public, that are creatures of a franchise, and are natural monopolies, such as steam and street railways, water, gas, electric, telegraph, and telephone companies. The extent of the authority granted the commissions by the State legislatures is not as yet uniform, but in the most "progressive" States it now covers the following four fundamental and significant points:—(1) the power to determine capitalization, (2) the power to fix rates, (3) the power to secure satisfactory service, and (4) the power to control the issue of securities.

Under these provisions there can be no rehabilitation of a corporation, no extension in equipment, no new organization, and, in Kansas, no declaring of dividends, without the direct and explicit sanction of the public service commission. The powers and duties of the commission, it will be noted, extend to the intimate details of corporate management. In New York, for example, the law establishing the commissions requires them "to examine all books, contracts, records, documents, and papers, and to compel their production"; "to order repairs, improvements, or changes in switches, terminals, motive power, or any other property or device"; and "to order changes in time schedules." Without the expressed approval of the supervising commission, "no franchise shall be assigned or transferred"; "no stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness (except notes payable within twelve months) shall be issued."

In Wisconsin, "the corporation shall file with the commission a statement, signed and verified by its president and secretary, setting forth (a) the amount and character of stocks, certificates of stock, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness proposed to be issued; (b) the purposes for which they are to be issued; (c) the description in detail and estimated value of the property or services for which they are to be issued; (d) the terms on which they are to be issued or exchanged; (e) the amount of money, if any, to be received for the same, in addition to such property, services, or other consideration, and (f) the total assets and liabilities, and the previous financial opera-

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tions and business of the corporation, in such detail as the commission may require." When the corporation shall have complied satisfactorily with all requirements, the commission "shall issue to the corporation a certificate of authority, stating: (a) the amount of such stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness reasonably necessary for the purposes for which they are to be issued, and the character of the same; (b) the purposes for which they are to be issued, and (c) the terms upon which they are to be issued. Such corporations shall not apply the proceeds of such stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness as aforesaid, to any purposes not so specified in such certificates, nor issue such stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness, on any other terms not specified in such certificates." Without these certificates of authority attached all securities "shall be void." "The burden of proof shall be upon any party claiming any exemption under this act."

The laws of New York and Wisconsin have served as models to other States, east and west. And wherever such "progressive" legislation is to be found, there will also be found public service commissioners eager and determined to carry out the spirit of the law. As yet the commissioners are in training, for the work is new and demands expert knowledge. These men must qualify for their positions by experience and study. As yet, also, neither the commissioners nor the corporations nor the public in general understand clearly the meaning of such legislation or whither it is tending. In the next few years there will be readjustments, the laws will be modified and amended. Meanwhile it is most important to analyze the significance of this new public policy.

Clearly enough the purpose of such legislation is to eradicate the abuses that have existed in public utility corporations, such as over-capitalization, mismanagement, poor service, extortionate rates, etc. To accomplish this purpose the public has, through its legislators, put into the hands of commissioners the power to enter into the corporate management of all public utility companies. Willy-nilly, the companies must acquiesce or be punished by having their franchises revoked. If they feel that a great injustice is being done to them, they have recourse to the

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higher courts. But the courts and the former Attorney General (Wickersham, 1910) have agreed in declaring that such power may be granted. What, then, does this legislative act mean?

There can be but one answer to the query: *it means State Paternalism.* The creation of public service commissions with such extended powers means a "policy of supervision in which the burden of the responsibility is largely removed from investors and stockholders." In the capacity of a parent the State, through its commission, corrects, punishes, and protects the public service corporations. Like children, the companies must ask permission at every turn in their way, and must have their acts legalized by the signature—the "certificates of authority"—of the commission.

Does the State realize its responsibility here? Do the corporations themselves really know how completely they are restricted? Or does the public understand fully what it has done by entering upon such an extended supervisory policy? In any case the State has shouldered its burden, the corporations are finding that all is not yet lost, and the people feel secure against exploitation and, from recent past experiences, are in no mood to listen to complaints. And yet this legislative step is as significant as the crossing of the Rubicon.

The relationship of the Government toward public utilities is now in its third stage. In the first stage, the corporations went unregulated and were operated purely and solely for the profit of the owners. The traffic was charged all that it would bear, and securities were issued and exploited for the benefit of unscrupulous financiers. In the second stage, an attempt was made to correct the abuses by means of legislation and lawsuit. We have now arrived at the third stage wherein the powers of supervisory control are given to State commissions. The catchwords of this new movement are "coöperation" and "publicity." An attempt is usually made to keep the commissions non-partisan by providing that no more than two of the five members shall belong to the same political party. While it is obvious that the success of this plan depends almost entirely upon the character of the commissioners, so far there has been practically no complaint as to their personnel. It must be admitted

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that the Progressive candidates in Ohio have been making some accusations. In general, however, the commissioners have had the respect and confidence of all parties.

But neither the present success nor the democratic catchwords, "coöperation" and "publicity," should be permitted to hide the profound significance of the new public policy. State officials now insert their judgment into the corporate management of these corporations. In fact, the judgment of the commissioners takes precedence over that of the directors and stockholders in all matters of vital importance to the companies. This is full-fledged paternalism.

Suppose, however, the commission plan is not for long successful; suppose abuses creep into it. What then? To this question also there seems to be but one reply. The fourth stage is logically some form of State socialism,—the absolute ownership, the absolute control of public service corporations. There are those who argue that, if the commission plan should fail, the very fact of failure would be proof positive that State or municipal ownership would fail. But the consensus of economic opinion is that discontent with this new plan makes State or municipal ownership inevitable.

Already under this new régime the bonds of relationship between the public and the utility companies are being drawn closer and closer. The idea grows into definition that these corporations are peculiarly and particularly the children of the State, that, through the franchise, the people have given life and being to these organizations and therefore have authority over them. Hence it is not surprising to find such phrases as "virtual partnership," "mutual companies," etc., used in speaking of the relationship of the public to such corporations.

Silently and stealthily the new order has come in. The new relationship has been accepted without fear or violent protest, because it came not heralded by radical names, but as an obvious remedy for acknowledged evils. Nevertheless State paternalism is here; it has been accepted by friend and foe. And while it has as yet extended no further than certain companies, called public utilities, there is no assurance as to where it will end. The line of demarcation between so-called public utilities and other

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corporations is not clear. The limits of supervision, therefore, are now only arbitrarily defined. If successful and the need for its extension arises, such paternalism will certainly be made to include other corporations indefinitely. Are we ready for this? Do we want it?

ONE DAY WHEN I RODE PEGASUS

WITTER BYNNER

SHE carolled on a country lane,
She had a song for every tree;
They leaned to her and one by one
They walked with her for company;
I rode behind on Pegasus
And hoped that she would turn and see.

How could I wait? I spurred ahead
And spied the poems on her cheek,
And begged of her to sing again.
She only smiled. Perhaps to pique
The gentleman on Pegasus,
She only smiled. And I was weak.

"Tell me but this," I humored her,
"In all the sadness of the Spring,
The secret of such happiness,
And I will ride till highroads ring!"
She turned, her eyes were full of tears,—
"Let me alone and I will sing!"

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HOME-MADE EUGENICS

NOTHING else matters if they love each other.

I believe that is the standard reply addressed to the meddler who foresees disaster ahead of the contracting parties to an approaching marriage. Nobody pays any attention to the foolish person who takes exception to the judgment of an individual suffering from the violent stages of love. This is especially true of the person afflicted. No lover, even one with a university degree in philosophy, is open to argument about the sanity of his choice of a mate.

That is the reason why I do not directly attempt to interfere with the cogs of true love as they grind out the case of my son, who has picked for his own the "most wonderful girl in all the world." I use the quotation marks advisedly. He is my sole authority for the statement.

I do not call my son into my office and reason with him, because I know he would not believe me and because such a course would only alienate his family (to be) from mine (that is). But I cannot stand quietly by without voicing my warning not only to him but to the generation of youngsters who are marching along head-up to meet the same problems that we met one or two decades ago. I know that he reads the magazines and sometimes thinks about what he reads. I know this because he has recommended many articles to me as interesting or beneficial.

Therefore I, one of the millions of fathers in this land, address my son, one of the millions of sons, through the impersonal medium of print. I will disguise the facts sufficiently so that he will think it is some one else's father writing and will therefore weigh my words impartially. Maybe a similar situation exists in a few hundred thousand other homes besides mine.

It doesn't matter so long as they love each other.

No, it doesn't matter, not a bit, for the first week of the honeymoon. Almost any young man and any girl fresh from the inspiring ceremony which binds them together with wreaths of smoke can spend a few days in blissful coma. After that it is nearly fifty years to the golden wedding anniversary.

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From books I have learned very little about eugenics, but from life I know a great deal of what every man knows who has attempted to adjust two widely different personalities, one of them his own, to fairly comfortable and lasting relations over a period of thirty odd years. Therefore, although I cannot speak with any considerable authority on what measurements and weight a young man should demand of his intended bride, my claim to a hearing is that I bear a message born of experience from my generation to the next one. The things I shall say every married man knows to be true. We also know that our own sons would heed little a recital of our experiences coupled with words of advice. They suspect us of individual prejudices. They also think that our case is an unfortunate example. But here in print as the advice of Bill Jones's father, your son and my son might heed it enough to make them hesitate for a moment's thought.

There are a great many reasons for getting married. Most of them are not valid.

In spite of all that has been written and preached to the contrary, a man does not marry a woman because she is a beauty, a housekeeper, or a mental companion.

The æsthetic sense of the average male animal can be satisfied without possessing a signed copy of the Creator's masterpiece. He can see all the beauty he wants in the art galleries, or, if his tastes run that way, in the chorus of musical comedy. Because a girl is beautiful is no excuse for marrying her. Besides every woman is beautiful to somebody. If she is not radiant it doesn't make much difference. After the honeymoon even the loveliest of them will be discovered to have very much the same general features as the others. The surest test of a happy marriage is if, when the rose clouds fade away and a man first discovers that his wife looks like all the other women in the world, he decides at the same time that it doesn't really make any difference.

Except in widely isolated cases no man ever deliberately picks out a woman for her housekeeping abilities. That may have been the case in pioneer days, but I doubt whether even then it was much of a factor. It is certainly no drawback for a

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girl to understand the management of a house, in fact it should be expected of her, but superlative neatness or even invariable success with angel food cake will not tempt bachelors to leave their clubs.

The statement that men do not marry women for mental companionship will meet with more opposition. At the outset let me admit that in general women are the mental equals of men. I admit that whether I believe it or not. In individual cases, however, some men are smarter than some women, and *vice versâ*. The most conspicuously happy marriages that I know of are between individuals whose minds are of widely varying candle-power. The brightest woman of my acquaintance can and frequently does speak an English language absolutely beyond the comprehension of her lord and master, who is a comfortable sort of a bore. Yet they are absurdly happy together and neither is quite content out of the other's sight.

For mental companionship only, men will ordinarily seek the society of other men. The boy and the old man, the two manifestations of masculine life not governed by sex, flock with others of their own kind.

I imagine that volumes might be written about the part mental companionship plays in the happy marriage, but a single question will indicate my point of view to the masculine readers of this article. (I imagine that by this time my audience is solely masculine, or if there are any ladies present they are against me.) My question is: Supposing you had your choice of two books to read, one by Maude A. Jones and the other by John P. Smith, and you knew neither writer by reputation, which volume would you begin? So would I. Not because there are not hundreds of entertaining women writers, but I should know from past experience plus instinct that my chances were better in the mental company of the matter-of-fact John Smith than in that of the engaging Miss (or Mrs.) Jones. Meeting the two face to face would be a different matter. While I strolled down a shady lane with Maude, my mental comrade Smith could jump in the lake all by himself.

If man does not marry woman for beauty, housekeeping ability or mental companionship, then why does he make so

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many reckless promises before a minister and a lot of other people, presumably friends? Because he is only one-half of a piece of physical machinery and woman is the other.

To my mind that is the only excuse for the institution of marriage. Many other beautiful things may come of it, but none of them would hold it together year after year except the physical incompleteness of both sexes.

Therefore in my opinion it is a shrieking crime for a matrimonial venture to leave port with a crew composed of individuals who are not physical equals. Notice, I do not say that only physically perfect men and women should mate. I do not believe that such a course is practicable. What I do protest against, and my protest is the stronger because I can see it happening before my very eyes to my own son, is the mating of a reasonably fit human being with another who is not in shape to bear an equal share in the physical burden of marriage.

Every married man will admit the truth of what I am about to say and every married woman will concede that maybe I am right. Therefore my statement is aimed particularly at the youngsters who are looking over the fence with a view to joining the domestic herd in the corral.

To be reasonably sure of being happy not only a week after marriage but twenty years later, you must seek three things in your mate: kindness, good physical condition and passion.

Kindness is essential because without it neither of the other qualifications is of any avail. Your wife will have a great many things to forgive you and you will have much to forgive her. But kindness and unselfishness on both sides will clear the way for understanding.

It is fairly obvious why it is just as well to marry a girl who is in possession of a considerable degree of health. It is not fair to start out life together with the husband as a nurse. It may turn out all right, but it is almost too serious a handicap. Hardly any man lasts more than a week or two at the job.

It seems to be the nature of man to be impatient of illness in others. A really masculine spirit goes forward to the active battle of life and leaves the care of the unfit to others. This

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sometimes seems like heartlessness in the individual, but it really makes for progress in the general scheme of things.

In the first flush of love a youngster may think that a lifetime devoted to the tender care of the creature of his choice would be ineffably sweet. But a little later, when opportunity pulls ahead and a physically incapable wife drags back, there may be bitterness for both parties to the wedding contract.

Under the heading of health it is wise to find out if the future bride is subject to "nerves." "Nerves" are what a woman has when nobody knows what the deuce is the matter with her. Pianists and opera singers have the same complaint with a different name,—"temperament." "Nerves" are, of course, really illness, the same as headaches or defective vision or inflammatory rheumatism, and the chronic sufferer from all such complaints should be eliminated from the list of desirables.

The subject of health is the one on which the books on eugenics lay the most stress. It is also the most obviously desirable thing. But not less desirable in a mate and even more necessary to long, peaceful marriage is passion.

Passion is the mainspring of wedded life. By the elinorglyn word "passion" I mean warmth of affection or responsiveness. Marriage without passion is as purposeless as kangaroo hunting in Indiana. I can't imagine any right minded man engaging in an equal business partnership with another man who is not in the least interested in the principal activity of the firm. Yet men are constantly tying themselves up for life to women who claim that passion is repugnant to them. I believe such women think they have to marry for homes. Very well, but, thank heaven, you don't have to marry one of them.

A convenient plan for taking care of these estimable but sub-normal ladies would be for each man in the country to contribute a small sum, proportionate to his income, on his twenty-first birthday toward a fund for their support. By taking them out of the market the sum total of human happiness would be increased one hundred per cent.

It is the lack of passion which lies at the bottom of two of the principal grounds for divorce, cruelty and infidelity. The woman who, because she has no passion, cannot understand it

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in others, is going to be sorry for herself two-thirds of the time. Unless he happens to be a saint, the man who lives in constant repression is going to be the most fiendishly unreasonable being on the footstool. He will do and say heartlessly cruel things that even he himself cannot assign any reason for.

Infidelity is builded upon the same foundation. I think the average man wants to be a good, true husband. But also the average man is a piece of machinery given a tremendous power by the scheme of nature to carry on her work. Power of any sort demands an outlet. Sometimes if it doesn't get it, something breaks.

Mind you, I do not say that this condition of affairs is the fault of individual women. On the contrary, it is their overwhelming disaster. I do not doubt that thousands of patient wives have gone through life suffering dumbly and never understanding that their lot was any harder than that of every other woman.

The woman who has no warmth of passion in her make-up may be able to subjugate men but she can never understand them. Thousands of miserable men and women can attest that marriage is almost invariably wrecked on misunderstanding.

The passionless woman may be a very good woman or she may be a very bad one. If she is good, it is because she lacks initiative; if she is bad, it is because she can never be contented. Either type is an impossible mate.

It used to be a polite fiction in my day that all women were passionless, and I think they believed it themselves. Nowadays they are beginning to admit that they are very like men and they ask for equality. Take them at their word. See to it that the woman you choose will not hate you all the days of your life simply because by nature she is so constituted that she can never understand you.

Select as your wife a woman somewhere near your own voltage. If you cannot tell for yourself introduce your fiancée to a phrenologist. If he says there is a bump or two missing take to the woods! Hearts can be mended more easily than frazzled tempers worn to shreds by life-long aggravations.

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THE BABIES WHO ARE NOT

DONALD B. ARMSTRONG

"THIS is the age of the child." The truth of this trite saying is confirmed in many fields of human activity and interest, though not always does the evidence testify to the benefit of the child, for child labor and child helping agencies are equally interested in the youth of the nation. In pedagogical circles the controversy over the Montessori system has awakened renewed interest in the child's education; psychology, particularly through the activities of the workers in the more or less pathological, psycho-analytical field, is turning to the child mind both for the origin of the mental deviations from the normal in the child and adult, and also for the most promising field of corrective or preventive endeavor; playgrounds and sandboxes are planted everywhere, even on the roofs of the city tenements, where the children are cared for by professional organizers of play; milk stations, infant welfare stations, and day nurseries are multiplying rapidly, all in the effort, and indeed a successful effort, to render "the business of being a baby" or a child a "less hazardous occupation."

Whereas during the period 1870-1900 the general death rate showed a marked and consistent decline, and is still falling, and whereas, until 1900, the deaths of infants just as persistently remained uniformly high for the most part the world over, since 1900 there has been in most countries a remarkable drop in the number and rate of deaths among our younger population. Many large American cities have been especially successful in conserving the infant population, New York City for instance in the last few years reducing the infant mortality rate (deaths per thousand births) from near 150 to 102 (1913). These reductions have been effected mainly through the remedying of certain obvious, direct, environmental factors, such as would follow the establishment of milk stations and day nurseries, the encouragement of maternal feeding, better maternity service, the control of infectious disease, prenatal care, the improvement of housing and other general sanitary sur-

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roundings. The results testify to the energy, enthusiasm and social spirit of a host of agencies and individuals actuated by the sincerest humanitarianism.

Now, although none of these remedies has been used to the full, and although still further reductions will probably follow the complete utilization of these methods, the experience of certain countries in which the direct corrective measures have been most worthily applied, approximately to their utmost, indicates that the infant mortality rate has almost reached, *under present social, economic and industrial conditions,* a stable and irreducible minimum. Such may or may not be the case at the present time, but if it is not true now, it would seem to be inevitable in the near future.

Undoubtedly every year a certain number of people must die. Undoubtedly, also, 100 out of every thousand babies born is far too many to lose in the first year of life. Has society exhausted the means for the prevention of this yearly decimation of infant life? As a matter of fact, a study of infant welfare agencies the world over would seem to show that society has only touched the surface of possibilities, has, indeed, been concerned almost entirely with certain palliative measures and has left untouched the real field of prevention. The workers in this field have suffered from the almost inevitable myopia associated with close contact with the details of a problem. They have most lustily hammered away at the direct etiological factors and have quite consistently and characteristically ignored the great predisposing causes demanding truly constructive and preventive measures.

The workers for infant welfare have two things in common with their fellows who are endeavoring to improve the life and working conditions of the children in the southern cotton mills, the conditions of industrial labor the world over, the housing conditions of the poor, etc. The first is that they are all too close to the problem to see anything but immediate palliatives and temporary expedients and the second is that, common to all the social defects which they are trying to remedy, and almost universally ignored by all, are the same underlying, predisposing causes of social maladjustment, unrest, misery, disease and pre-

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mature death. What are these seemingly hidden yet obvious social factors which are either unrecognized or condoned as being hopeless of correction? How are they related to infant life, as indeed to all life? What, in fact, are the great predisposing factors in infant mortality? What must society do further to conserve infant life? There is not space to answer these questions here. Only the high points can be indicated, possibly a sense of direction given. The proposition is a broad one and can be described only in the briefest outline from the point of view of this single field of so-called "social reform." The problem is nation-wide, world-wide, and the perfect answer is indeed not clear. Its intelligent consideration alone involves a recognition of the fact that defects in the structure of mankind are not all in the framework; to stabilize the house necessitates some relaying of the foundations. It is no more sufficient to build a fence at the top of the cliff to prevent the unfortunate from falling over than it is to have ambulance stations at the bottom of the cliff to care for the fallen. The thing to be done is to prevent the crowding above. The broader question is "What shall man do to be saved?"

The nation is concerned about the babies that are not surviving, about the babies that are not born well, and finally about the babies that are not born at all. Social agencies, with a spirit always admirable, have attempted a control over the badly born babies through the instruments of maternal instruction classes, prenatal nursing, etc., with a reasonable degree of success, without, however, as would obviously be the case, reducing in any particular the number of babies who, through hereditary defects, need special care of the character indicated. In so far as simple ignorance is dealt with, the method is perhaps less inefficient, but where bad breeding is involved it is simply relief that is given and it shares the fundamental defects of this short sighted policy. It is even here a futile way of combatting ignorance, especially when it directs the attention away from the great necessity for the reorganization of our educational system and the extension of educational and cultural advantages to the army of workers—a thing possible of attainment only through a radical reorganization of the methods of getting the work of the

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world done. Bad breeding is not environmental and its evil effects cannot be mitigated or removed by simple direct measures applied to the results. Its control must be social, coming through the group, acting as a result of a sense of social responsibility. The children of the mentally deficient, or of those who suffer from physical disease or defect—the output of the lame, the halt and the blind—inherit material handicaps from the parent stock and are responsible for a large proportion of our early deaths. Organized and intelligent State prohibition of propagation among this class is the only agency that will decrease the annual increment of the army of children who are unable, or at least unfit, to survive.

The fact that nature's laws are sure is both a promise and a threat. We take advantage of the good which nature promises when we recognize and follow her laws in the breeding of animals. We are beginning to see the evil which nature threatens when we ignore her laws in the breeding of human infants. "We cannot break the laws; we can break ourselves against them."

A very large part of our infant welfare work of to-day directly concerns the home. We work for better housing *for the home,* better sanitary conditions *in the home.* In nearly everything we do we recognize the importance of the home, but what are we doing to preserve, or one might better say, restore the stability and integrity of *the home itself?*

There must be an adequate realization of the annihilatory influence of modern industry upon *the home itself.* It must be realized further that the modern industrial home cannot be changed *in essential character,* cannot be made a much better place to raise babies, by welfare work in the factories, by "better pay or shorter working hours," or by any of the minimums or maximums so popular with the modern pseudo-reformer. *The home itself* needs a father with education, culture, leisure, interesting work and opportunity for spiritual growth, and nothing short of a radical reorganization of the work of the world can give it this. The ultimate cessation of immigration, more immediate impending events in the industrial world, point the way to the time, not far distant, when there will be no army of men

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content always to toil at unimaginative labor. There is a plan that will give every better home and "better baby" its better father, and that calls for an industrial State in which no class shall toil unceasingly, but through a "conscript labor army," as proposed by William James, and an intelligent alternation of employment as outlined by Wells, everyone, man and woman, will have the preliminary years for education and development, will spend their allotted time doing the work of the world under the direction of the State on a basis of service to all, and not for the financial gain of the few. The great economies that would enter with the elimination of competition, the elimination of private accumulated wealth itself, would make possible a universal self and home supporting compensation.

Is industry to be reorganized by the intelligent, coöperative, sympathetic effort of a society with an awakened social consciousness, or is it to be seized and wrecked by the maddened and the exploited? Is the spirit of gain to be replaced by the spirit of service or by the spirit of revenge? Is class distinction to grow and class war to come, or are the classes themselves to be socialized into extinction? Shall it be the constructive evolutionary path or the destructive revolutionary one? Poverty and destitution are prime factors in infant mortality. Shall poverty be enlightened and destitution made impossible? Pretty far from infant mortality? Yes and no! Far from the palliative treatment of this social disease, but very near the heart of the cure of the great social defects of which infant mortality is one.

What of the woman in the home of the future, the future baby's mother? Obviously she must share with her brother in his educational opportunities and in his responsibilities and duties toward the proper conduct of the State. Children will, of course, be her special and prime contribution and her life must be shaped around that as an end. Prepared for that function, protected and aided in carrying it out, she will have little to do with industry before the period of child bearing and less during that period. With the maturing of the children she might be expected to enter into the industrial life.

In the provision which the world of the future will make for the welfare of its infant population one thing will be found

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to be essential and fundamental, and that is the opportunity for the woman, trained for motherhood, to devote nearly her whole energy to the bearing of and the caring for the State's future citizens. To a great extent the attainment of this condition is based on the realization of woman's emancipation.

The attitude of the State and of society toward the child-bearing woman of to-day is of vital significance in our problem. It has been our custom, frequently, through our charitable and philanthropic agencies, to place a bounty upon the unfit mother and the undesirable infant. The tender minded "sociologists" who demand pensions for poor mothers *only* are doing what they can to further this tendency. On the other hand, as the result of our short-sighted statesmanship, our meagre social consciousness, and our economic maladjustments, we have placed a penalty on the mother who bears healthy children and who strives with her family to maintain a semblance of self-respecting independence. In the absence of a satisfactory recognition of the State's own responsibility in the matter, charity has found it necessary to assist child-bearing women, even though they have been performing, if of healthy stock, the greatest possible service to the State, and for this service have been laden with especially heavy economic burdens, and have been labelled with the degrading and insulting terms "worthy" and "dependent." Thus private societies are wrongfully aiding the propagation of unhealthy children and in the case of healthy children are paying one of the State's neglected debts.

Young girls, when they should be starting on a career as wife and mother, and home maker, are entering industry or commerce, to wear out the best years of their life in service to trade, when they should be giving the truest womanly service to the State. If they bear children at all it is under the greatest and most unnatural social and economic stress and, old women at forty, no longer useful either by training or physiologically for motherhood, cast aside as unfit by trade, they pass down the remaining years "through the cold gradations of decay" as monuments to the short-sighted imbecility, the ungodly wastefulness, the unpardonable ingratitude and selfishness of mankind.

The mother is rendering a service which should be recog-

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nized and for which remuneration must be given. She must receive payment and protection for the great service she renders, and it must be recognized as a service and as a life work for which she should be prepared and to which she should be allowed to devote her best years and finest energies. The attainment of the economic freedom of womanhood will do more to decrease infant mortality than will probably any other measure. It is the only foundation upon which it is safe to build the home structure. It offers the supremest assurance for the welfare of the State's greatest asset, the children—its future citizens.

From every point of view we cannot but see the necessity for the immediate recognition by the State of the worth to society of the healthy mother. Furthermore, this recognition must be of a substantial emancipatory kind. Lack of education and inefficient misapplied methods of education are the causes, directly or indirectly, of much disease and many deaths among the infants. It is obvious that the training of woman for motherhood is practically not at all recognized as an essential part of the general plan of her education. The greatest function of womanhood, the business of being a mother, has been classed, from the standpoint of organized preparation, with the work of the dock-hands and street laborers, for it is looked upon, by the State and by the individual, as the most casual and haphazard of occupations. Proper training for and the endowment of motherhood are essential in the reorganization of human society.

There are very few casual conditions in infant mortality which are not traceable to these underlying factors. From them arise ignorance, poverty and unwise employment. To them may be traced bad housing, insanitation and crime; alcoholism and disease among the parents; neglect, bad feeding, exposure and disease of the children. If we are ever to realize results in preventive work at all worthy of our efforts, we must recognize the vital importance of the fundamental limitations and defects of human organization. Essential to the real solution of our social problems are a recognition of the inadequacy of our present panaceas, a willingness to study and face the problems so insistently demanding solution, a courageous application to our

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social defects of radical principles of reorganization. Fundamental to true progress are the fostering of a "sense of the State" among the citizens of the nation, a recognition of the necessity for the social or group treatment of society's sores, and above all, a faith in and actual use of the principles of brotherhood, love and mutual understanding, best exemplified for humanity and taught to the world by the Great Prophet of nineteen hundred years ago.

HAWORTH PARSONAGE

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A NARROW, old scarred house, set in a stare
At the old graves that crumble to its door;
You cannot think that it has known of yore
An April weather, or a thing so fair
As the small lanthorn of a daffodil,
Swung down the silver alleys of the rain,
Save as a rumor blown along the pane,
That did but pass, and leave it vacant still.
Deep-memoried it stands, as in a gust
Of yesterdays, that beats about it all—
To some dim poignancy of music thinned—
And now is tears, now laughters gone to dust.
There, of a sudden, beyond the churchyard wall,
The three hushed sisters passing through the wind!

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DRAMATIC ART AND THE GREAT SOCIETY

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

THE term The Great Society is appropriated from Graham Wallas's stimulating book * recently published, as a title by which to denominate the wide and yet complex substance of the modern world state. The Great Society, to use Mr. Wallas's words, is in process of formation out of the breaking up of past organization into new formulas, whereby "men find themselves working and thinking and feeling in relation to an environment which, both in its world-wide extension, and its intimate connection with all sides of human existence, is without precedent in the history of the world." One of the first characteristics of the Great Society is that in its organization it ignores national lines of cleavage in the creation of the solid structure of a more balanced society. Of the possibilities of this new society President Wilson speaks when he writes, "We live for our own age—an age like Shakespeare's, when an old world is passing away, a new world coming in—an age of new speculation and every new adventure of the mind; a full stage, an intricate plot, a universal play of passion, an outcome no man can foresee."

To the eye of the historian the gradual emergence of the Great Society above and through the jangle of jealous claims is a clearly marked progress. It has been implicit in all the processes, whether of struggle or of peaceful readjustment, by which the modern era has been prepared. And the movement has gone far enough to show some of its results in philosophy, literature and the arts, as well as in government. Quite as interesting as the expanding boundary lines of human understanding are the increasing complexities of relationship between the individual and his world. For if change has come about it has not been only in the affairs of the large magnitudes. The individual himself has become a different thing, in sensibilities, in responsibilities, in quick and subtle reflection of his expanding environment. In so far as a price has had to be paid for the coming

* *The Great Society*, by Graham Wallas. (Macmillan, 1914.)

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of the new order, it is a price paid by the individual. Yet so far he is almost without a voice. He is the mute creator and participant in a large unfolding he does not understand, the changes of which have left him stunned and inarticulate. Is he to remain forever voiceless? If not, what is the instrument which shall give him speech? It is to answer this question, to point out the means by which, it is believed, the individual is already securing self expression in the working out of the larger destinies, that this paper is written.

Wallas sees modern society as the result of the restless interplay of the individual dispositions of men, too often baulking each other and causing unrest. Against the waste and frustration of dispositions there are set up in society the functions of organization. Of these Wallas mentions two, the Will organization, and the Thought organization. These are directed to securing the ends of social economy, which is on the other side the economy of individual happiness. So far the nice balance between the whole and the part seems to be maintained, until one remembers that there are other activities of the individual disposition that are not represented by will and thought, and are not accessible to the mechanics of their organization. These are the emotional and æsthetic activities, which, when set in motion by organization, become social art.

It is the theory of this paper that dramatic art goes very deeply to the heart of the social phenomena of any time; that it is more than a reflection of forces. It is an initiating force by means of whose concreteness and lucidity the issues of the age are clarified. In other words it is the theory that drama is a form of the emotion organization which is doing its share in the realization of the Great Society.

Of all the arts whose function it is to reflect the phenomena of society, dramatic art is the most immediately sensitive to an expression of society as a whole. In fact, drama is created of the substance of society signified in a refined and pointed epitome. It deals with men in groups and as parts of groups, and the individual must be shown in all his intricate adaptation to a social design. It is the fortune of dramatic art that it must be social, and at the same time it must be individual. A law of

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being of drama is that its individuals shall be clear—not merely as clear as life under the imperfect observation of every day, but seen clearly as if under a magnifying glass. Rostand indicates this requirement when he speaks, in the Prologue to *Chantecler,* of the proscenium as a great convex glass between the audience and the play.

These laws of drama are of some importance, for they reflect the law of social man himself—that he is whole and at the same time part. The readiness of dramatic art to express this duality of function gives it a great opportunity in expounding present-day social conditions. It raises dramatic art to a favorable position beside the social sciences, and in the judgment of some carries it even beyond sociology and psychology in keenness and quickness of apprehension. For it is the ever-present danger of the sciences of humanity that they become purely theoretical, fail to see the man for men, and miss entirely the individual in his hair-spring balances. But an art cannot so fail and remain. It is in all times the business of the dramatist to study the trees whereby he is to come to know the forest, to study the world in the microcosm of the man, nay more, as Meredith has said, from some slight hint of the straws to feel the winds of March when they do not blow.

To the opportunities of this art the dramatists of the last two generations have not been slow to rise. Unrecognized experts, because experts only in art and not in practical affairs, they have still created for us models of the new world ere this has appeared, and have sought in the hearts of individual men for the simple tragedies, the poignant pains that foretold a new social birth. Pressed on by the imperatives of their art, they have for years been writing plays about a new-world patriotism that has not yet thrilled the heart of the average citizen, for which, before a duller world had felt the need, they had heard the call and registered the promise.

Long before peace tribunals had even been heard of between nations, men of the theatre were jumping the fences at national boundaries to sell their own or secure their neighbors' wares. The particular way in which this was done may not have added to the comity of nations, but there was something in the free

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give and take of the artist that showed that to him national boundaries were of little concern. The minstrels wandered from nation to nation before the different "nations" were established at the universities of Europe. The travelling players of Shakespeare's time in Germany were the commercial travellers of a dramatic impulse that was in two centuries to encircle the world. It has always been considered proper to steal another nation's amusement or another nation's art when national prejudice or national ethics would not permit this with other wares. England was appropriating French dramatic ideas and the plots of Voltaire at the time when Goldsmith's Follower was well expressing the English attitude toward the French in his "Damn the French, the *parle-vous*." During the nineteenth century Germany was the source of much of the melodrama of England and America, as well as of hundreds of farces appropriated bodily. Out of France came so many plays of the mid-nineteenth century that Paris became the dramatic capital of the world and London and New York were her parasites. Now clearly such internationalism as this is inverted and paradoxical. For this was but brigandage, and brigandage which was made possible by the existence of national walls. Between nations a wall is as likely to be a retreat after a stealing foray, a safe vantage for plunder, as it is to be a place of defence. If the dramatist thought of it at all, he probably justified his actions on the theory that the foreigner should provide the art and amusement in the same way that he is called upon to pay our taxes. That the reasoning is false in both cases probably did not trouble him. The nation that pays its own taxes gets its own profits, and the nation that provides its own art draws deep breaths of life.

But like most paradoxes this one turns upon itself, and if you hold it up you find it not so astounding, its showing not so reprehensible. For these men were doing just what would be done if national lines and all other self-defeating divisions were swept away. They were laying channels of ideas across the world. It is foolish to lay an embargo on ideas, foolish because futile. These men of the theatre were acting according to that common sense that lies at the basis of all art. They

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were using one false system to outwit and combat another false system. They recognized as men always have and always will that art belongs to the first comer. And considerations of holding in fee simple hardly complicate the case. It is the hardest thing in the world to bolster up the theory of property into doing service in matters that are not property matters. Art is not property. Art is free. And the dramatist, hiding himself behind the wall of nationality, plucking off his neighbor's wares, is acting in the name of that larger freedom. We may not like the sound of the theory, and the neighbor may not have been educated to appreciate its practice. But whatever the neighbor may have thought, the wares did not suffer. Through the exchange of art the exchange of civilization was facilitated, and national lines became just so much dimmer on the slate.

For the time came when the sluice gates of ideas between nation and nation had to be opened, and dramatic art provided an ever deeper and wider channel. It was Hebbel who said that in the same sense that the idea is the substance of the modern State, so is the idea the centre of the play, " the primary condition of everything." As long as the play is restricted in technical requirements the play is dead. But once free the play to the expression of the idea, and it overleaps all boundaries, even the restrictions of national lines. So it is that an era that has been most marked with ideas in drama has been also marked with the demolition of national lines in the substance of dramatic art. The romanticism of the early part of the nineteenth century brought the nationalism of Hugo, and Kleist, and Oehlenschlager. The drama of ideas of the end of the century brought the internationalism, the Great Society, of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Shaw.

The substance of recent drama has been almost entirely concerned with the reorganization of society in relations transcending national lines. When a play has been directed specifically to a national prejudice, as Du Maurier's *An Englishman's Home,* and certain pro-militaristic plays of France and Germany, its life has been a flare like a rocket, and a speedy extinction. It has not been found to be of use even in the passionate but clear-seeing days of war. But the plays on the larger issues, the

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more fundamental social problems, have gone on and on to increasing power. Whether it be the unsolved enigma of industrial justice of *The Weavers,* and *Strife;* the call for more judicious self-evaluation in the light of one's larger responsibilities of Hervieu's *Connais-Toi,* or the panorama of the flowing generations in the same writer's *La Course du Flambeau;* whether it be the demand for the strong hand in the grasping of democracy's problems, which are the problems and obligations of the people themselves, as in Brieux's *Maternité* and *Les Avariés;* the call for the reconstruction of the State in behalf of social justice, as in *La Robe Rouge* and *Justice;* the plea of the individual to be permitted to live his life, which is a motive from Villiers de l'Isle Adam to Schnitzler, or the counter plea of the intellectual ascetic, as in Granville Barker's *Waste;* whether it be feminism, viewed sympathetically by Ibsen, with terror and loathing by Strindberg; the emphasis is all the same. It is of the Great Society rather than the nation, of the generations that move toward one event, rather than of the little groups that frustrate and retard. These are questions that are no more German than French; no more American than Japanese. The new drama is cosmopolitan in a sense quite unlike that of the predatory drama of the past, quite consciously concerned with men as social units rather than with men as Englishmen or Danes. This ignoring of national lines in dramatic art is no insignificant thing. It is a precipitation of the problems that the world is grappling with, while as yet unconscious of their larger implication. In treating them and illuminating them, dramatic art is making itself an agency in the "Will organization" and "Thought organization" which are already recreating society on more extensive foundations.

But it must not be thought that dramatic art is for this alone. If it stopped with this service, it could be considered only as an instrument of thought distribution like the newspaper and magazine. The dramatist is not willing to admit that his art has not a higher purpose. Unless we are mistaken, the real service of dramatic art will lie in revealing the hidden secrets of the "atomic change," if we may so speak, by which the Great Society is to be erected on the individual hearts of men. No

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change comes without struggle, least of all the change that means the giving up of the immediate bulwark of narrow social support in class or nation for the larger and more intangible good. For these supports men will fight as for their lives. And they have been fighting and gradually giving away. There is no such thing as a generalized struggle. All struggle is immediate and individual, and social pain comes home to the man to suffer. He who would understand the process by which the Great Society comes about must study it in the lives of individual men, way-breakers, for the most part, who sum up in themselves the generalized contests. And for such understanding no science is adequate. There is required the discerning insight of an art, and it has been no accident that the art that has been most serviceable in this respect has been dramatic art. Hauptmann dedicates one of his plays to "those who have lived it," and there is no reason to think that the dedication was limited to a German audience.

It is not surprising that among the dramatists of the last generation the greatest have been those who in their own persons have reflected this conflict. The indispensable requirement of the great dramatist is that he should be dramatist second, that he should first be citizen. The substance of his art demands this. And the true dramatist has been so much a creature of his age that he has been incapable of permitting the means to be more important than the end, the part than the whole. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Tolstoy, Maeterlinck, even Synge, stand out as citizens of the world, overtopping their positions as dramatists. And some of these in their own persons paid the price of their world citizenship by the loss of position and prestige in the nation. Ibsen in exile in Rome joins with the older Hugo ostracised from Paris, and these join Zola and Tolstoy, lonely in their own homelands, and with them the strange, silent Irishman named Synge, who loved Ireland much but loved truth more and could not blind himself with the Gaelic illusion.

The struggle between the last hosts of nationalism and the coming order of the new State runs throughout modern drama. It is not always identified as such. It may be called the struggle against the party, the convention, or parochialism. "What

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is it," Ibsen seems to have asked, "that is responsible for the struggle against the larger ideas, the conception of a nobler humanity?" It is local interest, the interest of party. "The people at home think parochially, feel parochially, and regard everything from the parochial point of view," he writes from Rome in 1873. It was his hatred of parochialism that so aroused Ibsen against Norway when Denmark was fighting Germany, and finally led to his exile. There the scorn for a narrow provincialism found expression in *Brand* and in the biting satire of *Peer Gynt*. And his plays were not so much campaigns for this reform or that, though many reformers have attached him to their cause, as pleas for the larger outlook, the outlook freed from the bigotry of class and caste and narrow patriotism. It is this that makes some dull critics consider Ibsen inconsistent. The dramatist will not play according to rule. He will strike out at friend and foe. No sooner is a cause nearly won than he turns his bitterest shafts on the hosts of the victorious. A dramatist who was essentially Norwegian, he seemed most bitter toward his own people. How could such things be?

But Ibsen was not inconsistent. As he himself said, "People believe that I have changed my views in the course of time. This is a great mistake. Every development has, as a matter of fact, been altogether consistent." He merely insisted on carrying his thought to a conclusion without outside let or hindrance. There was but one thing for his mind to be true to, and that was to its own processes. The greatest hindrances to thinking were party hindrances, and about the last one left of these is the barrier of race and nation. Controlled by these, the average man will not think his way to the conclusion of his ideas. He permits his thoughts to carry him only to the bounds of a narrow self-interest and then stops. This is particularly the case with the so-called progressive man, or the politician who wins favor by espousing a progressive cause. And so it happened that Ibsen, one of the most radical of real progressives, found himself in continual conflict with the incomplete progressivism of the politician. And he considered it more to his purpose to attack this than the consistent conservatism of

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the Tory. It is the political-minded man who sees only in terms of the interests of his own neighbors, his own clan, his own division, who is attacked in *The Young Men's Union* and *The Wild Duck*. For Ibsen shows that by building walls around political ideals, by making social justice stop at the border, we poison the heart of the ideal itself, and make men forget how to think. Unless a man can think his way to the conclusion of his premises, though this conclusion may take him round the world, he becomes a demagogue and a politician. His ideals are of use only in securing his own advantage.

It was this line of thinking, and the prevalence of the stunted ideal of freedom, that made Ibsen even doubt the readiness of the world for democracy. While men were misled, or misled themselves, by narrow self-interest, ideals themselves were prostituted wares and patriotism was a cloak to cover pettiness and selfishness. To him the end of all the struggles, the successive ascents, would be spelled in terms of the larger nobility of humanity. A woman was not first and foremost wife and mother, a man was not first and foremost party-man or Norwegian; he was a free-born member of the new estate, a citizen of the world.

That this new estate would come only by struggle Ibsen knew, and he and other dramatists have made it their affair to study the struggles by which it comes about. And these are usually represented in terms of the individual man, keen seeing, free thinking, fearless in will, against the congregated hosts of those who cling to the narrower organization. For the spirit of self-interest fights to the last ditch for the benefits of class, and finds high-sounding phrases by which to denominate the struggle. Shakespeare showed in *Coriolanus* that the first fruits of high ideals improperly assimilated is mob spirit. The mob is the social demagogue, the social self-seeker, fed on the fine phrases of a liberty not swayed by intelligence. In our own times mob has become one of the chief forces in social phenomena, and as such has become one of the chief characters in drama. In one guise or another mob appears in a large percentage of the significant social plays of the present. It is either villain, or chorus, or malevolent destiny. Usually mob is a blind unreason-

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ing force misled by good but local ideas. As such it appears in *An Enemy of the People,* Echégaray's *The Great Galeoto,* and Hervieu's *Les Paroles Restent.* What is this mob, and in what is its awful potency? Almost without fail, as the dramatists have it, it is the product of parochialism, of the narrow view. It is the outgrowth of thinking that starts right, and stops at some artificial boundary. The mob is the product of the sectionalized passion of freedom. It is a commonplace that the greatest enemy of real freedom is not intrenched aristocracy, but the people blinded and deceived by the promise of the profits of license. How often national interest means but this, how often the emancipated man finds himself in conflict with the evil genius of parochialism, how great the power of the mob in fomenting international misunderstanding the dramatists have not failed to show. Nor have they failed to reveal the particularly hard price the public man has to pay who stands out against their demands. "'Ware mob, More," says Mendip to the hero of Galsworthy's *The Mob,* and the outcome of More's idealistic defence of the larger citizenship shows how pertinent is the warning. A striking commentary on art and life and their interchangeable values comes in the tragic parallelism between the murder of Frithiof, the disciple of Peace in Zangwill's *The War God,* by a zealous revolutionist, fevered with the passion of the nation, and the recent murder of Jean Jaurès by a tragically misled patriot.

But recent drama has not altogether been concerned with the poignancy of the readjustments to the Great Society. There are some who are hardy enough to laugh at the little pretensions of the patriots. To Shaw what we call patriotism is but another kind of sentimentality, a little lower than personal sentimentality because so often profitable, but like all sentimentality a vice cloaked in virtue. Some one has said that it has been the effort of Shaw's life to conceal that he has a warm heart, on the theory, perhaps, that this implies a present "goodness" too often inconsistent with the far and lasting "Good." For the same reason Shaw tries to conceal that he is in his heart a sterling patriot in the very best meaning of that misused term. It has been Shaw's business to puncture not only the sentiment of love,

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but as well the illusion of the dominant race, of the master-man, of Napoleon and Cæsar, of the courage of war, and the code of "my country right or wrong; always my country." Wit will accomplish what force leaves undone. Therefore Shaw has ventured far beyond the footsteps of Ibsen to withering scorn of the pretentiousness of isolation. When a nation is most vainglorious, most self-righteous, his shaft will strike. Is the virtue but for home consumption? he asks. Then it is a sorry virtue. Perhaps it is spiritual penuriousness. Chesterton tells that when some one upheld the doctrine that as conquerors the English must be ruthless, Shaw answered, "What a light this principle throws on the defeat of the tender Dervish, the compassionate Zulu, and the morbidly humane Boxer at the hands of the hardy savages of England, France, and Germany." The parochialism that Ibsen vigorously combats, that Hauptmann ignores, Shaw punctures with scornful shafts of vision.

To-day the cause of international understanding has gone so far, in theory at least, that some dramatists have particularized the problem into a specific study of peace between nations. Zangwill's *The War God,* Galsworthy's *The Mob,* and many other less notable plays have made effective pleas for international patience and forbearance. It would be untrue to say that these plays have not had some influence. But it is a question, after all, whether they do not in the form in which the problem is presented conduce more to a sense of nationalism than of the social outlook of the larger units. As they stand they are pleas to the nation rather than effective instruments in an organization transcending the nation. Those plays which will do most for the cause of the Great Society are the ones which consider its problems as present and living problems, not necessarily identified with precise national relationships, but in magnitude and complexity rising to the higher estate. For the Great Society will not come by international enactment. It will come by the broadening and fusing of social interests over the world. It is safe to say that Ibsen and Maeterlinck in speaking a world language on the things of the spirit accomplished more for world understanding than such a specific document, epoch-making though it was, as Baroness von Suttner's *Lay Down Your Arms.*

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It is the dramatist's business to see things a little more as they are than as they should be. The present is always the substance of his art. But there is always this to be remembered: In keeping his crises always fresh, in making his substance of the vital contests of forward-looking men, rather than of the outworn contests that have lost their force, he does much to show us the coming state. The writing of the true play is largely a process of demolition of safeguards, of conventions, of regulations, and must-nots. So closely must a play be knit that all that is formal and artificial must be destroyed. And one of the first lessons the dramatist learns of his art is that there are few, very few, psychological divisions by nations. To the extent that he gets to the heart of a man that man's nativity disappears. And dramatic art speaks the same messages in all languages and to all peoples. To-day Max Reinhardt comes to New York, Gordon Craig practises his art in Italy. Russia is teaching the world new lessons for its theatre. There are no boundary lines for dramatic art save those supplied by its own nature, the lines that are drawn by its inherent demand for truth and beauty. By the calls of his profession, as well as of his citizenship, the dramatist knows, as Shaw says, "that Man grows through the ages, he finds himself bolder by the growth of his spirit (if I may so name the unknown), and dares more and more to love and trust instead of to fear and fight."

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THE IRISH LITERARY MOVEMENT

PADRAIC COLUM

THE year 1840 dates the appearance of the first Anglo-Irish writers. Of course, Ireland had produced able writers of English before that time, and the names of Swift, Berkeley, Sterne, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Maria Edgeworth will come immediately to the mind. These, however, did not write out of an Irish consciousness. Moore wrote out of a national consciousness but without knowing anything of its depth or its intensity.*

At the date mentioned the people were in the main Gaelic or Irish speakers. They possessed a literature that was very original and very distinct from English. But they were turning away from their native language and their native culture. The Catholic Seminary at Maynooth had been founded, and the Irish hierarchy had decided to make it a purely English-speaking institution. And then, following O'Connell, the people had been drawn into a political agitation that was conducted by English speakers. When the young intellectuals like Davis thought of an Irish national culture, it seemed natural to them that this distinctive culture should be in English. It was Davis who told the Irish people that they should realize their nationality in other forms than the political—"A nationality of the spirit as well as the letter—a nationality which may come to be stamped upon our manners, and literature, and our deeds." So he wrote in the prospectus of the first journal † that advocated

* An English writer of Moore's time denounced as dangerous the song that begins "Avenging and Bright Fell the Swift Sword of Erin On those whom the brave Sons of Usna betrayed." At present one has to wonder what political incitement there was in alluding to an episode in Ireland's pre-Christian history. But the English writer was not wrong, for the people who heard Moore's song had been trained to know that the weapon and the deed were symbolic. "Avenging and bright," like several of Moore's other songs, is really a version of the "secret song" that persists through Gaelic and Anglo-Irish poetry—the song that whispers of the return of power to the defeated race. Moore's songs were written to music that is really national—the proud and sad traditional Irish music. And by following the rhythm of this music he reproduced in several instances the characteristics of Gaelic verse.

† *The Nation*, first issue, 1842.

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the creation of an Irish culture. And later on he told the people:

"The popular organization is too exclusively political. It ought to be used for the creation and diffusion of national literature, vivid with the memories and hopes of a thoughtful and impassioned people. It may guide and encourage our countrymen, not only in all which concerns their libraries and lectures, but in what is of greater importance, their music, their paintings, their public sports, those old schools of faith and valor."

I have found a very keen criticism of Davis's programme in a letter that a friend wrote him.* The leaven of culture that Davis would introduce into Irish life was being resisted by a coarseness that had been spread through the whole of the community:

"The curse of our age in Ireland is that only the coarse agencies are employed upon Irish society. The British Power governs by coarse terrorism; the Irish democracy seeks to vindicate itself by a coarse O'Connell-born demogoguism; Irish individual ambition has coarse and palpable objects—it courts broad notoriety instead of permanent fame, and aims at table-talk celebrity instead of the glory that springs from the acclaim of posterity. Irish religion is coarse—witness the Calvinism of the miscalled Church of England prevalent in Ireland, the utilitarianism of the Unitarians, and the unpoetical as well as the unphilosophical dogmatism of Catholicism. The last is proportionately the best in Ireland, and most true to its own ideas. Again oratory more than poetry and philosophy is worshipped by the coarse student-mind of Ireland."

But in spite of this all-prevailing coarseness a creative and scholarly movement was inaugurated. Davis died before he could see anything but the beginning of it. Then came the double famine of 1846-1847. This swept away a culture that Davis and his friends barely acknowledged—the Gaelic culture that had lasted for a thousand years. A million of people were destroyed and the whole life of the country was altered. Gaelic literature had been contained in manuscripts and in the memories of peas-

* The writer's name was Maddyn. The letter was published in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Life of Davis.*

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ant scholars and poets. The manuscripts were scattered and the old people, who were naturally the custodians of the traditions, were swept away. Schools were established, and the teaching of Irish, or the teaching of any subject through Irish, was not permitted in them. The English language now entered into nearly every cabin in Ireland.

II

The poets and prose-writers associated with Davis and the "Nation" movement are Gavan Duffy, Mangan, Walsh, Callanan, John Mitchel and Sir Samuel Ferguson. Mangan wrote a wonderfully eloquent national poem in *Dark Rosaleen;* Mitchel made the British Government in Ireland hateful in some volumes of powerful prose; Walsh and Callanan left a few poems that hold a real Gaelic inspiration, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, primarily a statesman and a Sociologist, wrote some stirring ballads. There was no new literary movement, but a succession of distinguished poets remained—Sir Samuel Ferguson, Aubrey de Vere, and the poet-scholar who is still with us, Dr. George Sigerson. Each of these labored to make the older Irish tradition better known. Sir Samuel Ferguson treated the old epic *The Tain Bo Culaigne* as Tennyson treated the Round Table cycle, writing a series of poems founded on different episodes. He translated a few of the modern folk-songs, making versions which in a few cases—in *Cean Duv Deelish,* in *Cashel of Munster,* and in *Paisteen Finn*—have the beauty and the spirit of the originals. Aubrey de Vere wrote Catholic poetry, but the two poems that deal with Celtic life in Ireland—*Bard Ethell* and *The Wedding of the Clans*—represent his strongest work. Dr. Sigerson made metrical renderings of Irish poetry from the eighth to the eighteenth century, and his collection, *Bards of the Gael and Gaul,* was an important influence on the new Irish literature. Anglo-Irish literature and Celtic research have a close connection. Scholars had been working at the remains of Celtic literature since MacPherson had published the medley which he called *The Poems of Ossian.* In Ireland the Ossianic Society had printed volumes of authentic

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"Ossianic" literature and the two scholars O'Donovan and O'Curry had labored to show what the Irish manuscripts actually contained. In Ireland the scholar's texts were being treated as new material for poetry.

But let us get to the new departure in Anglo-Irish literature. In the 'eighties Ireland had entered on another political movement. Her people had at last made up their minds that they would tolerate no longer the disastrous land system that the English conquest had imposed upon the country. What has been called the Irish Land War now began. This struggle did not have any influence on literature until the next generation. When we come to consider the plays of peasant life that are now being produced, we shall have to remember this. The young men related to the peasantry have memories of victory, but they have also critical eyes for the conditions left after the agrarian revolution.

An internecine conflict accompanied the Land War. The Parnell split had turned Nationalist Ireland into two bitterly opposed factions. Their quarrel filled many Irish people with despair: they thought that while these battles were being fought the soul of Ireland was being destroyed. The people who thought like this tried to form an organization that would draw people together in the interests of Irish culture. Their aspiration was fulfilled in the Gaelic League.

III

In the 'nineties four writers had appeared who were known to stand for distinct ideas—Mr. Yeats, Mr. George Russell, Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. Standish O'Grady. Mr. Yeats stood for personality in life and letters; Mr. George Russell for a spiritual interpretation of the world, Dr. Douglas Hyde for the "Irish-Ireland" idea—that is for an Ireland thinking, speaking and writing in Irish; and Mr. Standish O'Grady for the expression of the heroic element in Irish tradition and history. Mr. Yeats issued a poetical manifesto with the book he published in 1892. He was not going to write Nationalist propagandist poetry—the sort of poetry that Davis and his followers wrote

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in the 'forties; he was going to speak of beautiful things and wise things, knowing that these were really nearer to the heart of Ireland.

Know, that I would accounted be
True brother of that company
Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
Ballad and story, rann and song;
Nor be I any less of them,
Because the red-rose-bordered hem
Of her whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Trails all about the written page;
. . . . .
Nor may I less be counted one
With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,
Because to him who ponders well,
My rhymes more than their rhyming tell
Of the dim wisdoms old and deep,
That God gives unto man in sleep.

A book published in 1888 had contained the poem that had made Mr. Yeats known—*The Wanderings of Usheen.* This new poem brought back the spirit of the real "Ossianic" poetry —passionate delight in the appearance of nature, vehement lamentation for the fact of death and decay.

In what far kingdoms do you go
Ah, Fenians with the spear and bow?
Or are ye phantoms white as snow
Whose lips had life's most prosperous glow?
O you, with whom in sloping valleys
Or down the dewy forest alleys,
I chased at morn the flying deer,
With whom I hurled the hurrying spear
And heard the foeman's bucklers rattle
And broke the heaving ranks of battle!
And Bran, Sgeolan and Lomair,
Where are you with your long rough hair?
You go not where the red deer feeds,
Nor tear the foemen from their steeds.

Other poems about Ireland's heroic period appeared in Mr. Yeats's early books—notably the superb *Death of Cuchulain.*

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But there were also poems of homely Irish life that had a new and subtle beauty—poems about fishers and fiddlers, huntsmen and priests. Later Mr. Yeats published two plays, *The Land of Heart's Desire* and *The Countess Cathleen.* Perhaps his father's was the first influence that turned this narrative poet toward the writing of dramatic verse. Mr. J. B. Yeats, the painter, is a sagacious literary critic with a remarkable power of presenting ideas in conversation. He always insisted that the dramatic was the highest kind of poetry.

The books following—*The Wind Amongst the Reeds* and *The Shadowy Waters*—had an esoteric content, and Mr. Yeats gained the reputation of being the poet of mysticism. But it is most likely that he wrote esoteric verse from an intellectual impulse—his intellect urged him to conquer this new kingdom. The Irish mind is not mystical but intellectual. Mr. Yeats's esoteric poems show the Irish interest in what is remote and cryptic. And I am sure that it was the intellectual element in Blake's work that made him Blake's disciple.*

But the young Ulster man who sat beside him in the Dublin Art School was really a mystical poet. This was Mr. George Russell, who wrote short lyrics under the name of "A. E." Like all mystics this poet was content to express a single thought —men are the strayed Heaven-dwellers. Involved in matter now, they are creating a new empire for the Spirit. They had "willed in silence their own doom." This idea, which might belong to a world-religion, was put into an Irish framework by the poet. He, too, had been drawn to the study of the remains of Celtic civilization, and the old Irish mythology seemed to him a fragment of the doctrine that was held by the Indians, the Egyptians and the Greeks. He alludes to the Irish divinities as if they were as well-known as Zeus, or Eros, or Apollo; and one would have to know the whole of Irish tradition to understand the references in such a poem as *An Irish Face.* "A. E.'s" vision is not for all the Irish writers who have come under his influence. But he has taught every one of them to look to the spiritual significance of the facts they write about.

* William Blake was of immediate Irish descent. His grandfather, who left Ireland, changed the family name, the Gaelic-Irish O'Neill, into the Norman-Irish Blake.

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Like the two other representative writers, Mr. Yeats and Dr. Hyde, "A. E." takes a part in the public life of Ireland. He was the powerful champion of the workers in the troubles last year, speaking on the same platform with Mr. James Larkin, the Irish labor leader. Like Mr. Yeats and Dr. Hyde, he is a magnificent orator, and, like them, he can move great crowds with his speeches. He is also one of the most distinctive of Irish painters. "A. E." is concerned with the most practical of all affairs—agriculture; he edits *The Irish Homestead* and writes every week upon economics and agricultural organization.

Dr. Douglas Hyde has written in Irish and in English, but it is his collection of Gaelic folk-poetry that has most influenced Anglo-Irish literature. Dr. Hyde came into contact with the Gaelic tradition, not through books and translations, but through the speech and life of a people. This young poet-scholar lived with the fishers and farmers of the West of Ireland, and was made one of themselves. He made a vast collection of their songs—love songs, drinking songs, political songs, religious songs. People were angry with him when he began to publish them. The Board of National Education had decreed the extinction of the Irish language through the schools, and the University of Dublin was assuring foreign investigators that there was nothing in Irish literature except what was silly or indecent. Not one Nationalist politician showed any anxiety to have Irish children instructed in the only language that many of them knew—Irish. When his most beautiful book of Gaelic folk-poetry, *Abhrain Gradh Chuighe Connacht,* or *The Love Songs of Connacht,* was published, Nationalist newspaper writers exclaimed in triumph, "Now we know the sort of rubbish that the factionists of the Gaelic League want us to interest ourselves in instead of striving with might and main to have our sterling patriots returned to the British Parliament." As a specimen of Gaelic folk-poetry and as an example of Dr. Hyde's delicacy in translation, I transcribe this lyric. It was taken down from an old woman who lived in a lonely cabin in the middle of a bog in the County of Roscommon.

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My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
For they come between me
And the love of my soul!

Abandon'd, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster
Or County of Clare!

Were I and my darling—
O heart-bitter wound!—
On the deck of a ship
For America bound!

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me,
He came from the South;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth!

Before the publication of *The Love Songs of Connacht* and *The Religious Songs of Connacht,* if one were asked what Irish popular songs were in existence one would think of ballads in English like *The Shan Van Vocht* or *Willie Reilly*. Dr. Hyde's collection showed that Gaelic Ireland possessed a folk literature that was as beautiful as any in Europe. Besides collecting the songs Dr. Hyde made admirable translations. In some of them he reproduced the distinctive metrical effects of Gaelic verse, and showed in this way how some interesting forms might be adopted into English. In translating others he was to make a great innovation in Anglo-Irish literature. His literal prose renderings were in the idiom and rhythm of an Irish peasant's English.

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These little prose pieces were to form a narrative and a dramatic style. Lady Gregory used the idiom in her versions of *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* and *Gods and Fighting Men.* Mr. Yeats praised Dr. Hyde's discovery and advised a young writer he had just met in Paris to make use of it in the dialogues of his Irish plays. The writer was J. M. Synge. He took Mr. Yeats's advice and with the help of Dr. Hyde's prose-translations of the Connacht songs formed his greatly praised dramatic speech. Thus Dr. Hyde's collection not only influenced the new Anglo-Irish poetry, but was one of the important elements in the new Anglo-Irish drama. Compare some of the lyrical passages in Synge's plays with this prose version of one of the peasant songs:

"If you were to see the Star of Knowledge and she coming in the mouth of the road, you would say that she was a jewel at a distance from you, who would disperse fog and enchantment; her countenance red like the roses, and her eye like the dew of the harvest, her thin little mouth very pretty, and her neck of the color of lime."

Dr. Hyde became President of Connradh na Gaedhlige, or the Gaelic League, which was founded with the intention of preserving the language in the Irish-speaking districts and encouraging the creation of a modern literature in Irish.

History and contemporary social facts attracted Mr. Standish O'Grady. He has written several books about Elizabethan Ireland and all of them show his delight in heroic personality. Alone amongst important Irish writers he was sympathetic to the landed aristocracy. Over and over again he urged them to throw in their lot with their own countrymen, to make some sacrifice, to act a part gallantly before their class disappeared. He told them that the Gaelic and Norman-Irish aristocracy went down to the lamentations of poets and people and left some to mourn their fate. But Irish landlords were intent, first upon getting the last penny of their rents and then on getting the last penny of the bonus under the Land Purchase Acts, and they paid little heed to Mr. O'Grady's magnificent apostrophes and magnificent examples. His brave championship of his own class has left him an isolated figure. His work is often confused with that of his relative, Standish Hayes O'Grady, who has

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translated a big volume of Middle Irish prose and poetry in *Silva Gadelica*. Standish O'Grady's most impressive and most personal work is in a scarce volume *A History of Ireland, Critical and Philosophic*. What he has written is not history really, but the epic of wars and conquests in early Ireland—an heroic theme treated in an heroic spirit. A great part of the history is taken up with the epic tale *The Tain Bo Culaigne* or *The Cattle Spoil of Cooley*. This ancient story—"the first epic made by any people north of the Alps," as Professor Ridgeway declares—has episodes as grand and as inspiring as any in the world's literature. Mr. O'Grady's mind always moves freely in the world of great personalities and heroic actions and he has made the best redaction of this greatest of Irish stories.

The Gaelic League was founded before 1900. It drew to itself all that was ardent and intellectual in Ireland. Mr. Yeats, "A. E." and Mr. Standish O'Grady supported it, and Mr. George Moore decided to come over from London to help it onward. In 1900 Ireland had an extraordinary intellectual solidarity. The young men and women, who were in the branches of the League in thousands, were ready to acclaim a new departure—that departure was toward the creation of a national drama for Ireland.

IV

Irish people have an aptitude for at least one element in drama—speech. They think in terms of oratory and conversation, and so, when it comes to the making of dialogue, their writers are hardly likely to be at a loss. In England the appreciation of actual speech did not outlast the Restoration dramatists, and since their day the English Theatre has received constant impulses from Irish writers. Goldsmith discredited the genteel comedy of the eighteenth century with *The Good-Natured Man* and overturned it with *She Stoops to Conquer*. Sheridan, profiting by the revolution wrought by his countrymen, set a headline for brilliant and high-spirited comedies. And in Victorian days two Dublin men, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw, brought on the stage a new sort of wit and a new sort of satire.

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But the dramatists named had little interest in putting into their work the whole of the Irish mind—the temperament, the instincts and the traditions that go to make the national character. It was their business to succeed on the London stage, and to do that they had to break down the things that separated them from the English audiences, the English managers, and the English actors.* Consequently, no Irish drama was created, although Ireland produced considerable dramatic talent. Nor could there be any Irish drama until there was an actual theatre where the national temperament and instincts, instead of being weakened, could be intensified. It is the greatest of Mr. Yeats's services to his country that he used every means within his reach to establish in Ireland a theatre where plays written by Irish dramatists would be acted by Irish players to Irish audiences.

V

In the 'nineties the ascendency of the national drama of Norway made a few Irish writers think of creating a National Theatre for Ireland. Mr. Yeats had thought of it and was on the lookout for the means. He had written two plays in verse, and one of them, *The Land of Heart's Desire,* was produced in London by the Independent Theatre. He reserved his longer play, *The Countess Cathleen,* for production some time in Ireland. Mr. Martyn's mind had been quickened by Ibsen's work, and his play *The Heather Field* was the first drama of Irish life that was turned clear away from the influences of the English Theatre. Mr. George Moore knew of *The Heather Field* and was giving some help at rehearsals. The three Irish writers came together and resolved to have *The Countess Cathleen* and *The Heather Field* produced in Dublin by an English company at one of the regular theatres. They decided to have performances of new plays every year, and to give the productions as "The Irish Literary Theatre."

* Maria Edgeworth's novel *The Absentee* was first written as a play. The author sent it to a fellow-countryman, Sheridan, who then had charge of the important London Theatre. Sheridan told Miss Edgeworth that the English censor would never permit its production. Thus an Irish author was made to understand that a play that dealt seriously with a serious Irish problem—the spending of Irish rents in England—would never be produced on the London stage.

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The Irish Literary Theatre gave three successive productions, the third being in 1901, when *Dermot and Grania,* by Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Moore, was produced. This production was memorable because it included the performance of a short play in Irish, *Casadh an t-Sugain,* or *The Twisting of the Rope,* written by the President of the Gaelic League, Dr. Douglas Hyde, and produced by the members of one of the Dublin branches of the Gaelic League. Dr. Douglas Hyde played the principal part—that of a poet—in the little play, and great enthusiasm was created in "Irish-Ireland" circles by the whole performance. And the promoters of the Irish Literary Theatre were made to see that it was possible to get together in Dublin a little company of players. As a matter of fact, such a company already existed, and during the production of *Dermot and Grania* they were rehearsing a play. This company was under the direction of Messrs. W. G. and Frank Fay, two enthusiasts whose ambition it was to have a hand in the founding of a national theatre for Ireland. They had produced some short plays for one of the political societies. Hearing that "A. E." had written a play, they approached him and got permission to put it into rehearsal. This was the first of the many *Deirdre* plays written for the Irish stage. The project of the Irish Literary Theatre was abandoned after the third production, and Mr. Yeats was induced to give his new one-act play, *Kathleen ni Holohan,* to Messrs. Fay's Company. The two plays, *Deirdre,* a drama of the heroic period, and *Kathleen ni Holohan,* a play of peasant life, were produced in a small hall in 1902. Both plays had a mystical idea and a vision of Ireland. They were received with great enthusiasm by a small but alert audience. This production was really the beginning of the Irish National Theatre.

Messrs. Fay's Company invited Mr. Yeats to take part in its direction, and the Irish National Theatre Society was then formed. Already there were two or three writers in the society engaged in the writing of plays. Mr. Yeats gave another prose play, *The Hour Glass,* and then went on to write verse-plays in a new manner. Mr. William Boyle sent in the first of the harsh peasant plays. Mr. Yeats introduced a new dramatist, Mr. J.

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M. Synge, showing to the Company two one-act plays, *The Shadow of the Glen* and *Riders to the Sea.* From the production of *The Shadow of the Glen,* Synge's work was a disturbing element in the Theatre, and this first play was attacked as making light of the virtue of Irish women. But in a very few years the Irish Theatre was an established thing. Then players were invited to London by the Irish Literary Society, and the plays and the acting had a startling success. Miss Horniman, a good friend to dramatic ventures, decided to help them, and through her generosity the Irish National Theatre Society obtained headquarters in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

VI

Mr. Yeats had now mastered his method of stage-construction, Lady Gregory had discovered herself in the folk comedies, the best of which are *The Workhouse Ward* and *The Rising of the Moon,* Mr. Synge went on from the one-act to the three-act play, and other writers attached to the National Theatre Society progressed in their work. But at this period it lost many of its original members on account of a change in the constitution of the Society. The next important event was the production of Synge's remarkable play *The Playboy of the Western World.* That production marks a period in the history of the Abbey Theatre. Their defiance of a popular opposition had the effect of hardening the minds of the directors against Irish opinion. The play itself and the excitement it occasioned made the Abbey Theatre famous and prepared for its performances a public outside Ireland.

Synge died in 1909 and though his last play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* was still to be produced, and although many other important plays were afterwards put on, the date of Synge's death marks the end of a period of growth. We can now ask what the movement that created the Abbey Theatre has actually accomplished. Briefly stated, it has produced a national drama for Ireland: it has intensified in Irish writers national characteristics, and it has encouraged them to write plays that are charged with the Irish temperament, the Irish instincts, the Irish tradition.

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VII

In the course of Bernard Shaw's Irish comedy, *John Bull's Other Island,* a judgment on the Irish land system is given. "That man's industry," says Larry Doyle, referring to a peasant, "used to make me sick. . . . That man, Matthew Haffigan, and his brother Andy made a farm out of a patch of stones on the hillside—cleared it and dug it with their own naked hands, and bought their first spade out of their first crop of potatoes. Talk of making two blades of wheat grow where there was only one before! These two men made a whole field of wheat grow where not even a furzebush had ever got its head up between the stones . . . What good was it to them? The moment they'd done it, the landlord put up a rent of five pounds a year on them, and turned them out because they couldn't pay it." Haffigan himself says: "Never mind what I suffered. I know what I suffered athout you tellin' me. . . . But did I ever ask for more dhan the farm I made wid me own hans? Tell me dhat, Corney Doyle, and you dhat knows me?" There is light in these speeches, but little of the heat that made the agrarian revolution in Ireland. To experience that heat, turn to the work of a young Irish dramatist whose first work was for the Irish National Theatre, and whose national instincts and memories, instead of being weakened by writing for an alien audience, have been intensified by writing for an Irish one. The play I have in mind, Mr. George Fitzmaurice's *The Moonlighters,* would neither be intelligible nor acceptable on the English stage, and outside of Ireland it would have to be approached as those interested in drama approach a Norse, or a Dutch, or a Russian play. "'Tis me that has a word to say to him first," says the moonlighter, Lucy,—

"'Tis me that has a word to say to him first, with his comfortable times and his comfortable house and his good bed to lie on for himself. 'Tis he can be alluding to us as dirty moonlighters, for it wasn't Peter Guerin or them belonging to him that was thrown out on the road in the depth of the red raw winter to live or die under the frozen canopy of heaven. 'Tisn't

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he ever slept with five brothers on a mattress on a cold floor, they pulling the bit of a blanket from one another, the cold going through them and the perishing breeze. 'Tisn't Peter Guerin had to be looking at a well-reared mother, and she silent and grieving on a neighbor's hearth, and 'tisn't he saw a brother and two sisters go down into their graves from the want and the starvation. O God be with Timothy and Bridge and Liz this hour, and when a man has gone through all this suffering he'd be called a dirty, murdering moonlighter—a dirty murdering moonlighter, and my land going to be grabbed by Big William Cantillon, and that hound of Hell will have the house I was born in and my very heart's blood between the mortar of the stones. Ah, if I could only have these fingers around the grabber's throat, choking him, murdering him."

This is a passage charged with the instincts and the tradition of a people forced back for a bare existence upon the land, and the play lets us see the passion that, working through murder, outrage and intimidation, and facing the jail and the gallows, made a vast change in Irish conditions. And this is only the latest of the many Irish plays that reveal—as no plays written for a non-Irish theatre or a non-Irish audience could reveal—the Irish mind in its integrity and its intensity. A number of such plays come at once to the mind—Mr. Yeats's *The Green Helmet* and *Kathleen ni Holohan,* Lady Gregory's *Rising of the Moon,* and *The Workhouse Ward,* Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World, Deirdre of the Sorrows,* and *Riders to the Sea;* Mr. Boyle's *Building Fund* and *Family Failing;* Mr. Robinson's *Patriots;* Mr. Murray's *Birthright* and *Sovereign Love;* Mr. Ray's *Casting Out of Martin Whelan;* Mr. St. John Ervine's *Mixed Marriage;* and Mr. O'Kelly's *The Bribe.**

VIII

There are several of the younger Irish writers who have never tried their fortunes with a play. The best known of these

* For the sake of the completeness of this article, I should perhaps mention that three of my own plays have been produced by the Irish National Theatre—*Broken Soil* in the early days before the Society had a habitation, and *The Land* and *Thomas Muskerry* in the Abbey Theatre.

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is Mr. James Stephens. Mr. Stephens has dramatic instincts, if one can judge from the poems in *Insurrections* and *The Hill of Vision,* but it was the narrative and not the dramatic method he adopted in his more spacious work. He has written the first contemporary romances that are distinctively Irish—*Mary,* a story that has given a soul to Dublin, the whimsical *Crock of Gold,* and a romance in the same vein less perfectly achieved, *The Demi-Gods.* Mr. Joseph Campbell (Seosamh MacCathmhaoil) tried his fortune once with an imaginative play, but now it looks as if he would go on hammering out in verse the powerful types that he has given us in *The Mountainy Singer* and *Irishry.* Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan has for his medium a more subtle verse form than any of the younger men and his remote and often delicately-ironic lyrics are always personal. Miss Alice Milligan wrote plays in the early days of the theatre movement, but her fine and personal work is in the fervent and heroic national poems published in her volume *Hero Lays.* There remains a remarkable writer who has never used an Irish name nor mentioned an Irish character in any of his plays or stories, but who is an Irishman and under the influence of the Irish literary movement—this is Lord Dunsany. Two of his plays have been produced at the Abbey Theatre, and one of them, *King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior,* was a new and surprising piece of drama. It may be that Irish writers have lost their first eagerness about the theatre, or it may be that Ireland is learning through drama and through poetry to approach the expression of the national life in the novel. An Irish Walter Scott could do more for the Irish people than an Irish Ibsen. He could give a common pride and a common inspiration to the Irish people, not merely in Ireland, but in America and in Australia. If Ireland succeeds in producing her great novelist in the first years of self-government it will be more to her than any political achievement.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Contrasts and Contradictions

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have read carefully *The Conscience of the World* by Mr. Wallace Rice. The only comment I will make on his article is that if his statements are based on "facts" such as "or live in a single room or a cellar as 600,000 inhabitants of imperial Berlin were living when the war began," which quotation is taken from page 651, his conclusions are necessarily puerile. I have heard others speak of the cellar dwellings of Berlin, but when pressed they all admitted to me that they did not know of the existence of these "homes" from personal investigation, but they had heard others say they exist. I have asked non-German visitors to Berlin about these cellar dwellings, but they all agree that they do not exist at the present time.

I like the truth, so I applied to the eleventh edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica,* hoping therein to find reliable information. "Open sewers, public pumps, cobble-paved roads, open market-places, and overcrowded subterranean dwellings are now abolished. The city is excellently drained, well-paved, well-lighted, and furnished with an abundant supply of filtered water, while the cellar dwellings have given place to light and airy tenements, and Berlin justly claims to rank among the cleanest and healthiest capitals in Europe." I am informed by this encyclopædia (surely not pro-German) that Berlin has beautiful public buildings, fine bridges, handsome churches. It is a centre of art and intellectual life. Great schools and theatres are there. The streets are kept in fine condition, and the drainage system is a wonderful one. The health of the people of this great city is thought to be of such importance that infectious hospitals have a separate system. In Pittsburgh our sewer system dumps the filthy drainage into the rivers; makes fine drinking water for the people below us; but then things even up, we are told. The towns above us dump their filth into the rivers, on the assumption, I suppose, that two wrongs may possibly result in right. The *Britannica* tells me that Berlin has the best appointed hospitals in the world. Fourteen markets are situated in various accessible places in the city; they are carefully looked after; perfect sanitary conditions prevail and the food sold must be right. Slaughter-houses are regularly inspected and only pure meats leave them. I remember reading an article in *Physical Culture* a few years ago, the author of which stated that he came to a beautiful building in a city in Germany. He thought it devoted to art, but upon entering found himself in a municipal slaughter-house. Do friends of the Allies think that they will aid in the defeat of Germany by deliberate lying or by picturing conditions of which they evidently know nothing?

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This war has produced much foolish talk. Hear Elbert Hubbard *before* the war: "Sometimes we hear the Emperor William spoken of as a War Lord. The fact is, the Emperor is not a warrior, primarily. He is a business man first, and second a soldier. The army of the Fatherland is a vast body of men taught to obey; to lead strong and earnest lives; to work, play, laugh, study, sing. Germany is producing two things—men and wealth. And wealth is produced only by labor and intelligent organization. The Emperor is intent on having his people well fed, well clothed, well housed. His addresses on farming, manufacturing, banking, transportation, are models of plain, simple, lucid common sense. The man stands for education, industry, economy." Hear Elbert Hubbard since the commencement of the present European war: "By nature and training William is a soldier, and he has ever been a War Lord first, and a business man second, and then only at intervals. The man's instincts are as inflammable as celluloid. Being a politician, he has allowed industrialism to grow and evolve."

Months before the war, Harper's issued H. G. Wells's book, *Social Forces in England and America.* I quote from pages 42 and 47. "We in Great Britain are now intensely jealous of Germany. We are intensely jealous of Germany not only because the Germans outnumber us, and have a much larger and more diversified country than ours, and lie in the very heart and body of Europe, but because in the last hundred years, while we have fed on platitudes and vanity, they have had the energy and humility to develop a splendid system of national education, to toil at science and art and literature, to develop social organization, to master and better our methods of business and industry, and to clamber above us in the scale of civilization. This has humiliated and irritated rather than chastened us." Mr. Wells informs us that one must learn German "if one would be abreast of scientific knowledge and philosophical thought, or see many good plays or understand the contemporary mind." Since the commencement of the war, Mr. Wells says: "That trampling, drilling foolery in the heart of Europe that has arrested civilization for forty years, German imperialism and German militarism, has struck its inevitable blow." Are the remarks of Mr. Wells since the war commenced consistent with his remarks of months ago? How in the name of truth did German militarism and imperialism arrest civilization for forty years if during this period Germany clambered above England in the scale of civilization, if the German mastered and bettered the English methods of business and industry, if the German developed a splendid system of education, and leads the world in scientific knowledge and philosophical thought? I am not an advocate of imperialism or militarism, but isn't it absurd to claim that "German imperialism and German militarism have arrested civilization for forty years" in view of the wonderful progress made and the highly efficient state arrived at by the German people during these forty years?

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A year before the commencement of this war, Prince Kropotkin pointed out that England crushed Spain and Holland as over the sea competitors, commercially; that she then set herself to the task of also crushing France; this task was performed in the course of time, France being permitted by England to create a colonial empire in Africa, with hands off Egypt. England has always called on others to aid her, and, strange to say, she has always been successful. In her battles with France she had the aid of the armies of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. Prince Kropotkin told us: "Jealous of keeping her supremacy on the sea, jealous above all of keeping her colonies for exploitation by her own monopolists, scared by the success of Germany's colonial policy and rapid development of her navy, England is redoubling her efforts in order to have a fleet capable of infallibly crushing her German rival. England looks everywhere for allies to weaken the military power of Germany on land. The English bourgeoisie of to-day wants to act toward Germany as it twice acted toward Russia in order to arrest, for fifty years or more, the development of that country's sea-power —once in 1855, with the help of France, Turkey, and Piedmont; and again in 1904, when she hurled Japan against the Russian fleet and against Russia's military port in the Pacific." He refers to "The Concert of brigands, acting in the service of the monopolists who govern Europe, has 'allowed' France to seize Morocco, as it has 'allowed' England to seize Egypt; it has 'allowed' Italy to lay hold of a part of the Ottoman Empire, in order to prevent its being seized by Germany; and it has 'allowed' Russia to take Northern Persia, in order that England might secure a substantial strip of land on the borders of the Persian Gulf before the German railway can reach it. And for this Italians massacre inoffensive Arabs, French massacre Moors, and the hired assassins of the Czar hang Persian patriots who endeavor to regenerate their country by a little political liberty. Zola had good reasons for saying: 'What scoundrels respectable people are!'" Now has come the turn of Germany; she must expand, so her people insist. "But at every step these new conquerors meet with a formidable rival—England bars the way."

Of course, Prince Kropotkin, as a practical anarchist, did not uphold what he calls the "Masters of Industry" in Germany, but he showed that he was satisfied that England, with the aid of other nations, would go to any extreme to injure Germany.

What is the present attitude of the Prince? Prussian militarism is a menace, and must be destroyed. Before the war he pointed out that the capitalists of England were endeavoring to crush the capitalists of Germany, but now that the German worm has turned, he advocates the crushing of Germany. It all puzzles me. By what is German militarism to be crushed? As I view it, by the militarism of other nations. Militarism existed before the formation of the German Empire; militarism now exists in nations other than the German Empire. If militarism existed before

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the formation of the German Empire, on what grounds must we conclude that it will cease to exist if Germany be crushed, and her territory even be divided among her enemies? Kropotkin rushing to a defence of the Government of the Czar is, indeed, a weird spectacle: the Government that forced him into a damp stone dungeon under the sea: where his gums rotted, and his teeth fell from his mouth; his sufferings in that dungeon must have been keenly felt by one of his nature. When we witness people, otherwise level-headed, writing "war dope" diametrically opposed to what they had already given to the world, we must conclude that certainly, "War is hell."

I again claim that I am not advocating imperialism and militarism. Indeed, I agree with William Reedy, when he writes: "I hope this war will end with William II on St. Helena, with Lloyd George the first President of the Republic of Great Britain, with efficiency and democracy blended in popular mastery in all civilized lands, with soldiers put to honest work and Governments, as Dr. William Preston Hill says, shedding light instead of blood."

J. F. FLOOD

PITTSBURGH

Humanity and Divinity

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In your editorial entitled *God and Provincialism,* you conclude with the words, "Man is the measure of his universe, and the master of his destiny."

Man has created God out of his perplexities. When his dawning brain was dismayed with the enigma of life, and he vainly sought for some knowledge of "cause," he found in "God" the harbor of refuge for his bewildered soul. When fortune and happiness were thrust upon him, and he looked about to find the cause and the author of his happiness, he thought of God and rendered homage. And so when evil comes and destroys his happiness and robs him of his fortune, he brings his woes to God, believing that as God had been merciful to him before, he would by prayer and supplication show mercy now, in the hour of his greatest need.

But alas! this cannot be; there is no power in heaven to listen to prayers, to curse with misery or bless with happiness. What man has been worshipping for ages has been a phantom, a dream, an illusion. Man worships in God but the image of his better self. If he desires to better his condition, secure happiness, and banish wretchedness from the earth, it is to man and man alone that he must look. Self-reliance, not "faith," leads to Utopia.

"By eternal laws of iron ruled,
Must all fulfil the cycle of their destiny."

NEW YORK HAROLD FOGEL

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Inexhaustible Energy

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In the letter which I contributed to the November FORUM the position was adopted that, if God really exists, there must be some means of utilizing the great and increasing proportion of energy which is at present unavailable. Assuming that this energy can be made available in such a manner as to indicate an intelligent and divine Ruler of the universe, it may be possible to forecast the lines on which to look for the means to be employed, especially so if they correspond on the material plane with the principles which underlie the Christian religion. There was a variation of one of the Gospels recovered, if I remember aright, in Egypt about the close of last century, which seemed to be authentic, and which contained the following striking sentence: "Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there." On raising the stone you find the form of attraction which exists between all particles of matter, and which is known as gravitation; on cleaving the wood you find the form of attraction which exists between particles of the same substance, and which is known as cohesion. The form of attraction which should exist between human beings, and also between them and the Power which created them, has been stated by religious authority to be the most direct manifestation of the divine Ruler of the universe, and perhaps the statement of this fact which corresponds most closely in form with the preceding quotation may be found in the text: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

If these premises indicate the lines which should be followed in this quest, then we should seek for something in the physical realm which will correspond as closely as possible with that

> "Immortal Love, forever full,
> Forever flowing free,
> Forever shared, forever whole,
> A never ebbing sea."

If this be possible, it will probably be done by simple means, because a divine Providence would not make the means too complicated, or the supply too difficult of access, and simple means are also usually chosen to confound the wise in their own conceit. Another probability is that it will be accomplished, not by hoarding and conserving energy, but by giving and spending all available energy, and, by some means or other, drawing upon Omnipotence to make it good. Of the two forms of "attraction" already mentioned, "cohesion" is not only immensely more powerful than gravitation, but it may be exerted in any direction. It is also more of an unknown quantity, if that be possible, so that cohesion seems to offer the

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most probable means for the purpose in view. It should perhaps be added that, although science has designated certain forces by names which are obviously misleading, these forces are not on that account made non-existent.

ANDREW YOUNG

VANCOUVER

A Suggestion

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt that President Wilson, with his usual unobtrusive thoroughness, is considering all the problems of the war and deciding upon the official attitude of the United States in all reasonable contingencies. But would it not be possible, and desirable, for an unofficial conference of our leading public men to be convened, with the purpose of drawing up proposals for the final settlement of the civilized world upon a civilized basis? Much of their work might be futile, but much might be valuable and suggestive.

As it may be a long time before peace proposals are discussed in Europe, the sifting of views of a body of representative and impartial men would at least be informative, and might prepare the way for a future settlement.

HENRY K. WILKINSON

NEW YORK

A Point of Order

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—May I ask why you sometimes place the most interesting contributions in the number at the very end of the list of contents? During the last year I have noticed at least seven or eight articles which were placed at the end, but in my opinion should have been among the very first on the list.

BOSTON HENRY E. HALL

[Position has nothing to do with merit. In the ideal magazine, all articles would be of equal value, though they might appeal to different types of readers.—EDITOR]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

A Merry Christmas

AS week follows week, and the ghastly tragedy that is being enacted over the water, and on the water, goes forward from horror to horror, it seems almost impossible to think that we here in America are looking forward to a quiet, happy Christmas-tide. The contrasts are so strange, and who can say yet whether we owe our present security to good luck or good deeds? We have done much—more than Europe has so far realized—to bring in a new era. But the proof of the value of our efforts is yet to be established. When the time comes, the whole force of our strength, such as it may be, will be thrown on the side of peace and good will to all men, and of safety and sanctity for the women and children who have been flung so abominably into the maëlstrom of savagery. Think of it! A few men who control the destinies of nations are unable to agree upon a reasonable course of action: they desire, being civilized, to hurt one another: in the process, the very babes that have just been born are treated as offal.

If men must fight, well, let them; and let them die as men. But no military exigency, no possible combination of circumstances, can palliate any method of hostilities that involves wantonly inflicted harm to those who can gain nothing whatever from war, yet have been compelled to give so much.

Great and all-powerful is war! Honor to its prophets and its preachers! And a Merry Christmas—God help them all!—to the mothers and wives and sisters and children of the men who lie in their hundreds of thousands in the graves of the battlefields, or who have been incinerated like garbage to prevent pestilence. A Merry Christmas, God's truth! Can you see them praying and weeping, or taking their sorrow silently—and can you then go out and repeat the cheap sneers about sentimentality, and the idiocies about the glory and virility and saving-grace of war?

A Merry Christmas to a world in mourning!

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Even so. But who will repair the irreparable?

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A Pretty Legend?

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. . . .

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

More Militarism?

GOOD intentions may have paved hell, but it does not necessarily follow that evil intentions have improved the patines of bright gold with which the floor of heaven is thick inlaid. Yet this would appear to be the view of many zealous but myopic publicists. Because the sane, resolute efforts of those who have worked for peace during the last decade were not able to avert the colossal crime of the present war, it is assumed that henceforward and for ever common decency and the will-to-righteousness of civilized nations must be regarded as the playthings of drivelling degenerates. Moral suasion is discredited, noxious, ridiculous. Away with it! Away with all reason and forbearance! Let us stand boldly on the solid foundation of brute force. Then, when the next war comes, we shall be able to say with gratitude that the fangs of pacifism were drawn in time and the condition of humanity manifestly improved.

The idea is amusing, perhaps, but compatible only with extreme youth or with obvious mental deficiency. Let us try to see precisely what is involved in it.

For some time the leading men of many great nations—men like President Wilson, William Howard Taft, Sir Edward Grey, Lloyd George, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, William Jennings Bryan, and hundreds of others not so well known in this country—have been definitely preaching and trying to practise the doctrine that nations should cease to behave as gangmen and gunmen, and should settle any disputes that may arise soberly,

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justly, with mutual forbearance and courtesy. The idea had been slowly permeating through the peoples, so that everywhere, in all grades and classes, the principle of rationality was being accepted and an enormous force of intelligent public opinion was being focussed and directed toward the practical application of the growing sense of justice, as opposed to sheer thuggism. But the efforts of the reactionaries, and the complexities of organizations based on mediæval ideas of racial hatred, prevented the immediate and universal acceptance of the only basis of international relations that should be possible in a world rapidly becoming democratized. The war broke out, in spite of the pacifists, and because of the militarists. As Mr. Arnold Bennett has said, and justly, if Great Britain had followed Lord Roberts's advice and tried, two or three years ago, to raise an army commensurate with her naval defences, hostilities would probably have been merely precipitated. The fallacy that preparation for offence ensures freedom from attack has been utterly exploded: the millions of new graves in Europe will bear testimony to high heaven.

It is entirely right, and most necessary, not to assume that the millennium will commence to-morrow. There is much work to be done, much ignorance to be combatted, many fools and vicious ranters to be shamed. Until that work has been done in sufficient measure, it is the duty of this country to provide adequately for self-defence. Obviously, the navy must be kept in a high state of efficiency, the coast fortifications must be carefully considered, and a first and second line of mobile troops provided. But huge numbers are not essential: a trained citizenry, as the President has said, is in accordance with American ideas. A nation in arms is not, and never should be.

But while making, and making promptly, this preparation for defence—with not a man or a gun for offence—there are other things to be done, and other things to be remembered. The education of the public must continue. The cheap scoffers, who run with the first breeze that blows, must be taught that the world has little patience left for littlenesses and incompetence; and the one lesson that has been derived directly, and not as a *reductio ad absurdum,* from militarism, must be studied and ap-

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plied. This is the lesson of efficiency in organization. Think of the enormous numbers of men, and the billions of dollars, that have been devoted to the building up of the war-machines: then think of the scanty resources that have been available for purposes of peace.

It is not a matter, as some seem to imagine, of signing pieces of paper with gold pens and complacently assuming that all's well with the world at once. It is a matter, as Mr. Bryan knows more clearly than his venomous detractors, of using for purposes of peace efforts commensurate with those that have hitherto been devoted to purposes of war. Ideals are necessary: but the means for their practical application must be devised. There must be anxious thought and preparation for the world-conference that should surely follow the war: proposals must be ready for the reconstruction of the nations, for the elimination of offensive armaments, for the absolute prohibition of new territorial acquisitions as the result and prize of the crime of war. The traffic in munitions of war for private profit is, of course, already doomed.

But the great hope and chief reliance of reasonable men must rest in the good will and common sense of democracy. Let us get rid of secret diplomacy and the whole damnable system of bureaucracy which enables fossilized permanent officials to nullify the will of the people and plunge them into disaster. Let us remember, scoff who may, that public opinion is not a negligible factor, and that no nation, however ruthless and self-centred, can stand against the condemnation of the world. The publicity campaigns of the different combatants during the present war have shown clearly, even at such a time of apparent reversion to barbarism, that no country would dare to fight openly as a declared, calculating aggressor. Each claims the banner of God and righteousness: each makes its appeal from the mailed fist to the impartial mind. At the moment of its presumptive overthrow, public opinion is enthroned as the final arbiter.

In future, it must be both first and final. The peoples of the world, realizing the folly of suicidal antagonisms, must dare to be free, just and unprejudiced. If not, if there is to be no trust between countries, no faith between nations, no law but the law

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of talons, then, in that Name of God which has been taken in vain so often during the present bloody conflict, it is time for all nations to be blotted out and for humanity to be obliterated, as a failure, a cumberer of good ground that the insects and animals could employ more profitably and justifiably.

New Lamps for Old

As military preparations and the militarist habit of mind have done nothing, during all the centuries, but provoke incessant wars, the militarists of the present day should explain more lucidly than they have hitherto done the reasons for their belief that preparation for war means the security of peace. Militarism breeds war: the worst that can be said against pacifism is that it might not always avert war. But why not make the experiment, and see what happens? Of course, if the men of each new age are prepared to go on like geese following in the footsteps of preceding anserine generations, the Kruppists will continue to make their profit out of murder. But as all previous measures for security have led to the very perils that they were designed to avert, it might be worth while to try a new system, which holds out the promise of permanent relief and cannot possibly contain the seeds of greater evil. The gentle humorists who talk condescendingly of "peace prattlers" might learn to do a little thinking before they airily dismiss sane proposals and expatiate upon the merits of methods that have been proved repeatedly to lead to inevitable disaster.

Public Opinion

"If Liberals throughout the world—and in this matter the Liberals of America may be a stupendous possibility—will insist upon a world-conference at the end of this conflict, if they refuse all partial settlements and merely European solutions, they may redraw every frontier they choose; they may reduce a thousand chafing conflicts of race, language and government to a minimum and set up a peace league that will control the globe."—*H. G. Wells.*

"It is necessary to devise means for putting the collective and

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efficient strength of all the great Powers of civilization back of any well-behaved Power which is wronged by another Power. In other words, we must devise means for executing treaties in good faith, by the establishment of some great international tribunal and by securing the enforcement of the decrees of this tribunal through the action of a posse comitatus of powerful and civilized nations."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

"War, as a school of character and a nurse of virtue, must be formally shut up and discharged by all the belligerents when this war is over."—*George Bernard Shaw.*

"Humanity is at bottom peaceable, and if the war-making power could be vested in the people, war would disappear from civilization."—*Dr. Frederick H. Sykes.*

"The reliance on military force as the foundation of true national greatness seems to thinking Americans erroneous, and in the long run degrading to a Christian nation."—*Charles W. Eliot.*

"Militarism is anarchy. International law is the way out. When nations are armed, war is bound to come."—*David Starr Jordan.*

"As greater armaments have only brought on greater wars, what hope is there to make an end of war save by moral suasion?"—*Michael Monahan.*

"Whatever the causes, whatever one's personal opinions as to them may be, there is now but one thing to wish for: a speedy termination of the war in such a way that the result will be absolutely conclusive, ending forever the belief that military strength is essential to national greatness."—*The Bellman.*

"I saw one man whose jaws were broken in thirty-two pieces by shrapnel. They hung shapeless on his chest."—*War Correspondent at the front.*

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